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ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

CHAPTER XXVI.—BIRON'S TREASON.

THE scene is again at Fontainebleau. Henry's brow is knit. He is gloomy and sad. With slow steps he quits the palace

park and the canal. This pavilion is the house he has built for Sully. The statesman is seated writing in an upper cham-

He is accustomed to outbreaks of passion and remorse caused by the king's love-affairs, and he mentally ascribes his master's



"The king watches him; is silent and absent, and makes many mistakes in the game."—Page 674.

by the Golden Gate, passes through the parterre garden under the shadow of the lime *berceau* which borders the long façade of the palace, and reaches a pavilion under a grove of trees overlooking the

ber overlooking the avenues leading to the forest.

The king enters unannounced; he throws his arms round Sully, then sinks into a chair. Sully looks at him unmoved.

present trouble to this cause. "Sully," says Henry, speaking at last, "I am betrayed, betrayed by my dearest friend. *Ventre de ma vie!* Maréchal Biron has conspired against me with Spain."

"How, sire?" cries Sully, bounding from his chair; "have you proofs?"

"Ay, Sully, only too complete: his agent and secretary Lafin has confessed every thing. Lafin is now at Fontainebleau. I have long doubted the good faith of Biron, but I must now bring myself to hold him as a traitor."

"If your majesty has sufficient proofs," said Sully, reseating himself, "have him at once arrested. Allow him no time to communicate with your enemies."

"No, Sully, no; I cannot do that; I must give my old friend a chance. Of his treason, there is, however, no question. He has intrigued for years with the Duke of Savoy and with Spain, giving out as his excuse that the Catholic faith is endangered by my heresy, and that I am a Calvinist. He has entered into a treasonable alliance with Bouillon and d'Auvergne; and worse, oh, far worse than all, during the campaign in Switzerland he commanded the battery of St. Catherine's Fort to be pointed against me. — God knows how I was saved!"

"Monstrous!" cries Sully, casting up his hands. "And your majesty dallies with such a miscreant?"

"Yes, I can make excuses for him. He has been irritated against me by the base insinuations of the Duke of Savoy. Biron is vain, hot-tempered, and credulous. I know every detail. He shall come here to Fontainebleau; I have summoned him. The sight of his old master will melt his heart. He will confide in me; he will confess, and I shall pardon him."

"I trust it may be as your majesty wishes," answers Sully; "but you are playing a dangerous game, sire. God help you safe out of it!"

Biron, ignorant of the treachery of Lafin, arrives at Fontainebleau. He reckons on the king's ignorance and their old friendship, and trusts to a confident bearing and a bold denial of all charges. They meet—the *maréchal* and the king—in the great parterre, where, it being the month of June, sweetly-scented herbs and gay flowers fill the diamonded beds—under the lime *berceau* surrounding the garden. Biron, perfectly composed, makes three low obeisances to the king, then kisses his hand. Henry salutes him. His eyes are moist as he looks at him. "You have done well to confide in me," he says; "I am very glad to see you, Biron;" and he passes his arm round the *maréchal*'s neck, and draws him off to describe to him the many architectural plans he has formed for the embellishment of the chateau, and to show him the great "gallery of Diana" which is in course of decoration. He hopes that Biron will understand his feelings, and that kindness will tempt him to confess his crime. Biron, however, is convinced

that, if he braves the matter out, he will escape; he ascribes Henry's clemency to an infatuated attachment to himself. He wears an unruffled brow, is cautious and plausible though somewhat silent, carefully avoids all topics which might lead to discussion of any matters touching his conduct, and pointedly disregards the hints thrown out from time to time by the king. Henry is miserable; he feels he must arrest the *maréchal*. Sully urges him to lose no time. Still his generous heart longs to save his old friend and companion-in-arms.

Toward evening the court is assembled in the great saloon. The king is playing a game of *primero*. Biron enters. He invites him to join; Biron accepts, and takes up the cards with apparent unconcern. The king watches him; is silent and absent, and makes many mistakes in the game. The clock strikes eleven; Henry rises, and, taking Biron by the arm, leads him into a small retiring-room or cabinet at the bottom of the throne-room, now forming part of that large apartment. The king closes the door carefully. His countenance is darkened by excitement and anxiety. His manner is so constrained and unnatural that Biron begins to question himself as to his safety; still he sees no other resource but to brave his treason out. "My old companion," says the king, in an unsteady voice, standing in the centre of the room, "you and I are countrymen; we have known each other from boyhood. We were playfellows. I was then the poor Prince de Béarn, and you, Biron, a cadet of Gontaut. Our fortunes have changed since then. I am a great king, and you are a duke and *maréchal* of France." Biron bows; his confident bearing does not fail him.

"Now, Biron," and Henry's good-natured face grows stern, "I have called you here to say that, if you do not instantly confess the truth (and all the truth instantly, mind), you will repent it bitterly. I was in hopes you would have done so voluntarily, but you have refused. Now I can wait no longer."

"Sire, I have not failed in my duty," replies Biron, haughtily; "I have nothing to confess; you do me injustice."

"Alas, my old friend, this denial does not avail you. I know *all*!"—and Henry sighs and fixes his eyes steadfastly upon him. "I conjure you to make a voluntary confession, and to spare me the pain of your public trial. I have kept the matter purposely secret. I will not disgrace you, if possible."

"Sire," answers Biron, with a well-simulated air of offended dignity, "I have already said I have nothing to confess. I can only beseech your majesty to confront me with my accusers."

"That cannot be done without public disgrace—without danger to your life, *maréchal*. Come, Biron," he adds, in a

softer tone, and turning his eyes upon him where he stands before him, dogged and obstinate—"come, my old friend, believe me, every detail is known to me; your life is in my hand."

"Sire, you will never have any other answer from me. Where are my accusers?"

"Avow all, Biron, fearlessly," continues Henry, in the same tone, as if not hearing him. "Open your heart to me—I can make allowances for you, perchance many allowances. You have been told lies, you have been sorely tempted. Open your heart—I will screen you."

"Sire, my heart is true. Remember it was I who first proclaimed you king, when you had not a dozen followers at Saint-Cloud"—Biron speaks with firmness, but avoids the piercing glance of the king; "I shall be happy to answer any questions, but I have nothing to confess."

"*Ventre Saint-Gris!*" cries Henry, reddening, "are you mad? Confess at once—make haste about it. If you do not, I swear by the crown I wear to convict you publicly as a felon and a traitor. But I would save you, *maréchal*," adds Henry, in an altered voice, laying his hand upon his arm, "God knows I would save you, if you will let me. *Pardieu!* I will forgive you all!" he exclaims, in an outburst of generous feeling.

"Sire, I can only reply—confront me with my accusers. I am your majesty's oldest friend. I have no desire but the service of your majesty."

"Would to God it were so!" exclaims the king, turning upon Biron a look of inexpressible compassion. Then, moving toward the door, he opens it, and looks back at Biron, who still stands where he has left him, with his arms crossed, in the centre of the room. "Adieu, *Baron de Biron!*"—and the king emphasizes the word "*baron*," his original title before he had received titles and honors—"adieu! I would have saved you had you let me—your blood be on your own head." The door closed—Henry was gone.

Biron gave a deep sigh of relief, passed his hand over his brow, which was moist with perspiration, and prepared to follow.

As he was passing the threshold, Vitry, the captain of the guard, seized him by the shoulder and wrenched his sword from its scabbard. "I arrest you, Duc de Biron!"

Biron staggered, and looked up with astonishment. "This must be some jest, Vitry!"

"No jest, monseigneur. In the king's name, you are my prisoner."

"As a peer of France, I claim my right to speak with my majesty!" cried Biron, loudly. "Lead me to the king!"

"No, duke; the king is gone—his majesty refuses to see you again."

Once in the hands of justice, Biron vainly solicited the pardon which Henry would gladly have granted. He was arraigned before the Parliament, convicted of treason, and beheaded at the Bastille *privately*, the only favor he could obtain from the master he had betrayed.

The pleasant days are now long past when Henry wandered, disguised as a Spaniard or a peasant, together with Bellegarde and Chicot, in search of adventures—when he braved the enemy to meet Gabrielle, and escaped the ambushes of the League by a miracle. He lives principally at the Louvre, and is always surrounded by a brilliant court. He has grown clumsy and round-shouldered, and shows much of the Gascon swagger in his gait. He is coarse-featured and red-faced; his hair is white; his nose seems longer—in a word, he is uglier than ever. His manners are rougher, and he is still more free of tongue. There is a senile leer in his eyes, peering from under the tuft of feathers that rests on the brim of his felt hat, as, cane in hand, he passes from group to group of deeply-courtesying beauties in the galleries of the Louvre. He has neither the chivalric bearing of Francis I., nor the refined elegance of the Valois princes. Beginning with his first wife, "la reine Margot," the most fascinating, witty, and depraved princess of her day, his experience of the sex has been various. The only woman who really loved him was poor Gabrielle, and to her alone he had been tolerably constant. Her influence over him was gentle and humane, and, although she sought to legalize their attachment by marriage, she was singularly free from pride or personal ambition.

Now she is dead. He has wedded a new wife, Marie de Medici, whose ample charms and imperious ways are little to his taste. "We have married you, sire," said Sully to him, entering his room one day, bearing the marriage contract in his hand; "you have only to affix your signature." "Well, well," Henry had replied, "so be it. If the good of France demands it, I will marry." Nevertheless, he had bitten his nails furiously and stamped up and down the room for some hours, like a man possessed. Ever reckless of consequences, he consoles himself by plunging deeper than ever into a series of intrigues which compromise his dignity and create endless difficulties and dangers.

What complicated matters was his readiness to promise marriage. He would have had more wives than our Henry VIII. could he have made good all his engagements. Gabrielle would have been his queen in a few weeks had not the subtle poison of Zametti, the Italian usurer,

cleared her from the path of the Florentine bride. Even in the short interval between her death and the landing of Marie de Medici at Marseilles, he had yielded to the wiles of Henriette de Balsac d'Entragues, half-sister to the Comte d'Auvergne, son of Charles IX., and had given her a formal promise of marriage.

Henriette cared only for the sovereign, not for the man, who was old enough to be her father. In the glory of youth and insolence of beauty, stealthy, clever, and remorseless, a finished coquette and a reckless *intrigante*, she allured him into signing a formal contract of marriage, affianced though he was to a powerful princess proposed by the reigning pontiff, whose good-will it was important to the king, always a cold Catholic, to secure.

The new favorite claimed to be of royal blood through her mother, Marie Touchet, and therefore a fitting consort for the king. She showed her "marriage lines" to every one—did not hesitate to assert that she, not Marie de Medici, was the lawful wife; that the king would shortly acknowledge her as such, and send the queen back whence she came, together with the hated Concini, her chamber-woman and secretary, along with all the jesters and mountebanks who had come with her from Italy. Endless complications ensued with the new queen. Quarrels, recriminations, and reproaches, ran so high that Marie on one occasion struck the king in the face. Henry was disgusted with her ill-temper, but was too generous either to coerce or to control her. Her Italian confidants, Concini and his wife, however made capital of these dissensions to incense Marie violently against her husband, and, at the same time, to gain influence over herself. Henry was watched—no very difficult undertaking, as he had assigned a magnificent suite of rooms in the Louvre to his new mistress, between whose apartments and those of the wife there was but a single corridor.

Henriette meanwhile lived with all the pomp of a sovereign; there were feasts at Zametti's, balls, and jousts, and hunting-parties at Saint-Germain and Fontainebleau. Foreign ambassadors and ministers scoured the country after the king; so engaged was he in pleasure and junketing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A COURT MARRIAGE.

THE great gallery of the Louvre is just completed. It is on the first floor, and approached through a circular hall with a fine mosaic floor; it has painted walls and a vaulted ceiling. This gallery is lighted by twelve lofty windows looking toward the quays and the river, which

glitters without in the morning sun. Every inch of this sumptuous apartment is painted and laden with gilding; the glittering ceiling rests upon a cornice, where Henry's initials are blended with those of the dead Gabrielle. A crowd of lords-in-waiting and courtiers walk up and down, loiter upon settees, or gather in groups within the deep embrasures of the windows, to discuss in low tones the many scandals of the day, as they await his majesty's levée. Presently Maréchal Bassompierre enters. Bassompierre, the friend and confidant of Henry, as great a libertine as his master, who has left behind him a minute chronicle of his life, is a tall, burly man; his face is bronzed by the long campaigns against the League, and his bearing as he moves up and down, his sword clanging upon the polished floor, has more of the swagger of the camp than the refinement of the court. He wears the uniform of the musketeers who guard the person of the king, and on his broad breast is the ribbon of the order of the "Saint-Esprit." He is joined by the Duc de Roquelaure. Now, Roquelaure is an effeminate-looking man, a gossip and a dandy, the retailer of the latest scandal, the block upon which the newest fashions are tried. He wears a doublet of rose-colored Florence satin quilted with silk, stiff with embroidery and sown with seed-pearls. The sleeves are slashed with cloth of silver; a golden chain, with a huge medallion set in diamonds, hangs round his neck. Placed jauntily over his ear is a velvet cap with a jewelled clasp and white ostrich-plume. Broad golden lace borders his hose, and high-heeled Cordovan boots—for he desires to appear tall—of amber leather, with huge golden spurs, complete his attire. Being a man of low stature—a pigmy beside the marshal—as the sun streams upon him from the broad window-panes, he looks like a gaudy human butterfly.

"Well, Bassompierre," says the duke eagerly, standing on the points of his toes, "is it true that your marriage with the incomparable Charlotte de Montmorency is broken off?"

Bassompierre bows his head in silence, and a sorrowful look passes over his jovial face.

"*Pardieu!* marshal, for a rejected lover you seem well and hearty. Are you going to break your heart, or the Prince of Condé's head—eh, marshal?"

A malicious twinkle gathers in Roquelaure's eye, for there is a certain satisfaction to a man of his inches in seeing a giant like Bassompierre unsuccessful.

"Neither, duke," replies Bassompierre, dryly. "I shall in this matter, as in all others, submit myself to his majesty's pleasure."

"Mighty well spoken, marshal; you are a perfect model of court virtue. But how can a worshipper of the great Al-

exander,' at the court of 'Lutetia,' in the very presence of the divine Millegarde, the superb Dorinda, and all the attendant knights and ladies, tolerate the affront, the dishonor of a public rejection?" And Roquelaure takes out an enamelled snuff-box, taps it, and, with a pinch of scented snuff between fingers covered with rings, awaits a reply. "Not but that any gentleman," continues he, receiving no answer, "who marries the fair Montmorenci, will have perforce to submit to his majesty's pleasure, eh, marshal, you understand?" and Roquelaure takes his pinch of snuff and strokes his perfumed beard.

"I cannot allow the lady to be made a subject for idle gossip, duke," replies Bassompierre, drawing himself up to his full height and eying the other grimly. "Although I am not to have the honor of being her husband, her good name is as dear to me as before."

"But, *morbleu!* who blames the lady?"

"Not I—I never blamed a lady in my life, let her do what she may—it is my creed of honor."

"But his majesty's passion for her is so unconcealed. Perhaps, marshal, the king understood that this marriage must break up your ancient friendship?"

Bassompierre scowls, but makes no reply.

"The king has grown young again," continues Roquelaure. "Our noble Henri Quatre—he orders new clothes every day, wears embroidered collars, sleeves of carnation satin—I brought in the *mode*" and he glances at his own—"and scents and perfumes his hair and beard. We are to have another tournament to-morrow in honor of the marriage of the Prince de Condé—in reality, to show off a suit of armor his majesty has received from Milan. Will you have the heart to be present, marshal?"

"Yes, duke, I shall attend his majesty as usual," replies Bassompierre, turning away with an offended air.

"Come, marshal, between such old friends as you and I these airs of distance are absurd;" and the duke lays his hand on the other's arm to detain him. "Own to me honestly that this marriage with the Prince de Condé gives you great concern—"

Bassompierre hangs down his head and plays with his sword-knot. "I should have desired a better husband for her, truly," answers he, in a low voice. "The prince is a shabby fellow, with an evil temper. I fear Mademoiselle de Montmorenci can never affect him," and a deep sigh escapes him.

"Never, never," rejoins Roquelaure, looking around to note who arrives, "it is an ill-assorted union. You, Bassompierre, would have loved her well. It was possible she might have reformed

your manners. Ha! I have you there, marshal. Pardon my joke," adds he, as he sees a dark scowl again gathering on the marshal's face. "But Condé, the *rustre*, he hates women—I never saw him address one in his life; a cold, austere fellow, as solitary as an owl; a miser, and silent, too—if he does speak he is rude and ungracious; and with the temper of a fiend. If he does right, it is only through obstinacy. I am told he suspects the lady already, and has set spies to watch her. A pretty match for the fair Montmorenci, truly, who has lived with a sovereign at her feet!"

"Duke," cries Bassompierre, fiercely, secretly writhing under the duke's malicious probing of a heart-wound which still bled, "I have already observed that any innuendoes touching Mademoiselle de Montmorenci displease me."

"Innuendoes! why, marshal, even Condé confessed the other day that rich as was the prize, and surpassing the lady, he hesitated to accept 'one whom the king's attention had made so notorious!'"

Bassompierre's eyes flash. He is about to make an angry rejoinder, when a page approaches and summons them to attend his majesty.

The marriage between Charlotte de Montmorenci and the Prince de Condé was, as had been anticipated, a failure. Condé, devoured by jealousy, shut up his wife at Chantilly, or at the still more remote Château of Muret. The petted beauty, accustomed to the incense of a court and the avowed admiration of an infatuated sovereign, scolded and wept, but in vain. The more bitterly they quarrelled, the more deep and dangerous became Condé's enmity to Henry. Disloyalty was the tradition of his race, rebellious practices with Spain the habit of his house. We have seen how a Condé was ready to usurp the throne under pretence of a regency, during the conflict with the Huguenots at Amboise. His son, "the great Condé," is by-and-by to head the standard of revolt, and at the head of Spanish troops to bring France to the brink of ruin. Avarice had led him to accept the hand of Charlotte de Montmorenci—avarice and poverty—and he had counted upon constant espionage and absence from court as sufficient precautions. But he was young; he had yet to learn the wilfulness of his wife and the audacity of the king. As he gradually discovered that the princess was neither to be soothed nor coerced, his rage knew no bounds. Sully, seriously alarmed at the rumors that reached him respecting the prince's language, requested a visit from him at the Arsenal.

Sully is seated in a sombre closet—looking toward the towers of Notre-Dame—at a table covered with papers. Condé is tall, thin, and slightly made.

He is singularly ill-favored, with dark hair and skin, a nose quite out of proportion with the rest of his face, and a sinister expression in his eyes. On entering he cannot conceal his uneasiness.

"Be seated, monseigneur," says Sully, scanning him from under his heavy eyebrows. "I have no time to spare—therefore I must use plain words. You speak of the king, my master, in terms that do you little credit. You are playing the devil, prince. The king's patience is well-nigh exhausted. I am commanded to keep back the payment of the pension you receive, to mark his majesty's displeasure. If this has no effect upon you, other means must be tried."

While Sully speaks, Condé sits opposite to him unmoved, save that his swarthy face hardens, and he fixes his sullen eyes steadfastly upon Sully.

"If I am what you say," replies he at last, doggedly, "if I speak ill of his majesty, am I not justified? He is determined to ruin me. He persecutes me because I choose to keep my wife in the country. It is my desire to leave France—then I shall no longer give his majesty offence."

"Impossible, monseigneur! As a prince of the blood your place is at court, beside the sovereign."

"What! have I not liberty even to visit my own sister, the Princess of Orange, at Breda, in company with the princess, my wife? That can be no affront to his majesty. Surely, Monsieur de Sully, you cannot advise the king to refuse so reasonable a request?"

"I shall advise him to refuse it, monseigneur, nevertheless. Persons of your rank cannot leave the kingdom—the very act is treason."

Condé casts up his eyes, and his hands—

"Was ever a man so ill used? My personal liberty denied me! My very allowance stopped!"

"It is said, prince, that you have plenty of Spanish doubloons at Chantilly," returns Sully, significantly.

"It is false—tales to ruin me. Ever since my marriage I have been pursued by informers. It was by his majesty's command I married. Now he desires—"

"His majesty assures me, prince," breaks in Sully, "that his sentiments toward your illustrious consort are those of a father."

"A father! Why, then, does he come disguised to Chantilly? He has been seen hiding in the woods there and at Muret. A pretty father, indeed! By the grace of God, I will submit to the tyranny of no such a father! It is a thralldom unbecoming my birth, my position, and my honor! While the king acts thus I will not come to court, to be an object of pity and contempt!"

"You speak of tyranny, prince, tow-

ard yourself. It may be well for your highness to consider, however, that the king, my master, has, to a certain extent, justified your accusation." Condé looks up at him keenly. "But it is tyranny exercised in your favor, Monsieur le Prince, not to your prejudice."

Sully's eyes are bent upon the prince. While he speaks, a half smile flitters about his mouth.

"I do not understand you, duke. Explain yourself," replies Condé, with real or affected ignorance; but something in the expression of Sully's face caused him to drop the tone of bravado he had hitherto assumed.

"His majesty, prince, has justified your accusation of tyranny by having hitherto insisted, nay even compelled, those about him to acknowledge you—well—for what you are not!"

Condé almost bounds from his seat. There was a horrible suspicion that his mother had shortened his father's life, and this suspicion had cast doubts upon his legitimacy.

Sully sits back in his chair, and contemplates Condé at his ease.

"Your highness will, I think, do well for the future to consider how much you owe to his majesty's bounty in many ways." And these last words are strongly emphasized. Condé is silent. "Again, I say, as your highness is fortunately accepted as a prince of the blood, you must bear the penalties of this high position."

Condé, who has turned ashy pale, rises with difficulty—he even holds the table for support.

"Have you more to say to me, Duc de Sully, or is our interview ended?"

He speaks in a suppressed voice, and looks care-worn and haggard.

"Monseigneur, I have now only to thank you for the honor you have done me in coming here," replies Sully, rising, a malicious smile upon his face. "I commend to your consideration the remarks I have had the honor to make to you. Believe me, you owe every thing to the king, my master."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INCIDENT IN VENETIAN PEASANT-LIFE.

A NARROW strip of land, twenty or thirty miles long, and little more than a mile wide, separates the brownish-green lagoon-water of Venice from the bluish-green sea-water of the gulf. On the side toward the sea it is protected by a dike, which is interrupted here and there by a small fortification, on the outer wall of which a single sentinel may be seen pacing lazily to and fro.

Behind the dike, in peaceful repose, are spread out many a fruitful garden and smiling field, enclosed by low wooden fences. The life of the proprietors would not differ from

that of the gardeners and farmers on the main-land, if they were not compelled to transport their produce to market in gondolas or sail-boats. The distance to Venice varies from eight to ten miles.

Thus the inhabitants of the Lido (bank-strand) are at once watermen and cultivators. It often requires all the art and strength of a professional to manage their little craft. A certain love for the water and its dangers is, therefore, strongly developed in the husbandmen of the Lido, and especially is this true of the women, who, with all the gentleness of the Venetian character, are remarkable for their daring and love of the romantic. Their complexion is somewhat darker than that of the women of the city, and their forms usually more robust.

Zeppa Burano was a native of one of the numerous island-villages that enliven the lagoons around Venice. She was an orphan, and almost from her childhood had served Luigi Ringha, a well-to-do Lido peasant, who was unmarried, and managed his little domain with her assistance and that of his adopted son Toma.

Zeppa was pretty. Her features would, indeed, have been classical if her forehead had not been quite so high and broad. Her eyes were full and dark, her hair black and abundant, and her lashes remarkably long. Her mouth was small, her lips full and rosy, and her cheeks as smooth and as fresh as an infant's. She was above the medium height, and her figure was the perfection of form.

Zeppa wore a huge silver comb, large gold ear-rings, a red-and-yellow kerchief over a black bodice, and a bright-yellow skirt, with blue apron. Her small feet were encased in heavy, shapeless shoes, such as the Venetian women of the lower classes usually wear, which gave her, in common with her countrywomen, a heavy, ungraceful gait.

Zeppa, however, had but little walking to do. Year in, year out, she entered Ringha's boat at early dawn and sailed or rowed with him and Toma to the vegetable-market of Venice. There she would sit, surrounded by her stock-in-trade, vie with her neighbors in crying her wares, and roll her eyes and gesticulate over a difference of two, three, or four *centesimi* as though the welfare of all Italy depended upon her getting her price to the last fraction. In the mean time, Toma travelled the streets of the city with a board before him, suspended from his neck by a broad strap, crying, with all the strength of his lungs, his "*Zucca santa! santa zucca!*"

While Toma and Zeppa were thus employed, Luigi Ringha went from hotel to hotel, and from restaurant to restaurant, disposing of his choicest garden delicacies. In this way these three people had led, for years, a simple, uneventful, but contented life.

Zeppa was eighteen years old, Toma twenty, before the lean, Roman-nosed youth began to be conscious that Zeppa Burano was more than ordinarily pretty. But Luigi Ringha had been reflecting for some time that man should not live alone; that Zeppa had become indispensable to him, and that, as he was not yet forty, the wisest thing he could do was to strengthen the relation that had hitherto existed between them by making her his

wife. He determined, therefore, to propose to her, and that, too, at the coming Easter.

Zeppa, on her part, with her feminine instinct, had divined the intention of her employer, and discovered that she occupied a large share of Toma's thoughts.

Italian women are much more calculating than they are generally supposed to be. They are not governed more by impulse, under ordinary circumstances, than are their sisters of other nationalities; but, once aroused, they are more likely to be dangerous, and then one does well to keep out of their way. Fortunately, in Zeppa's case there was nothing to awaken the demon within her, if she possessed one—on the contrary, she had every reason to be content to let things take their course. She certainly preferred Toma to Ringha, but Ringha was well-to-do, and Toma had nothing but his industry—he was, as the Germans say, blood-poor. Besides, Ringha was a good-natured, quiet man, with whom it would not be difficult to live peaceably. For years she had served him, had conscientiously converted the products of his fields into money; if she had done this as his hand-maid, why should she not do it as his help-meet, and secure for herself a comfortable home? Her judgment, therefore, admonished her to decide in favor of Ringha, but she was in no haste, indeed she hoped it would be long before she would be compelled to choose between them.

If love to many things is blind, on the contrary in many others it is remarkably sharp-sighted. Once Toma's attention was called to the pretty, even-tempered Zeppa, he was not long in becoming desperately enamoured of her, and his Italian falcon-eyes were not slow to discover that he had a rival in his adopted father.

Being of a decided and straightforward character, he did not hesitate to avail himself of the first convenient opportunity to question Ringha on the subject. Ringha replied frankly that he did intend to make Zeppa his wife, and asked, in his turn, if Toma was similarly inclined.

"Yes, I am," said Toma. "She is young, so am I—I would be a better match for her than you."

"Would you, indeed?" replied Ringha. "And what have you that justifies you in taking a wife?"

"What have I?" repeated Toma, astonished.

"Yes."

"Did you not adopt me as your own son when I came here? and have I not worked for you as faithfully as your own son could have done?"

"But that is not enough to justify you in taking a wife," replied Ringha. "Must I not support you? You have nothing, and are nothing but a servant."

"Did I not leave a good business in the city to come with you?" rejoined Toma. "Had I remained where I was, I might to-day be an independent man, having my own gondola, but I listened to you because you said I should be in all things just as your own son; so I, a Castellano, gave up my old occupation and became with you a Nicolotto and your son, not your servant, Luigi Ringha."

"Ah, bah! what odds does it make wheth-

er you are a Nicolotto or a Castellano, whether you wear my black cap or your red cap? Here on the Lido there are no such distinctions. You are a peasant now like me, and are no better than I am."

"If you say I am a servant," continued Toma, indignantly, "I say I am a Castellano. The old doges were my race, and for a thousand years the red-caps have been more in Venice than the black-caps."

"Well, be that as it may, you are in my service now—that you cannot deny, and when was the servant more than the master?" replied the peasant, calmly. "There is plenty of time for you to think of taking a wife. You want to marry Zeppa—so do I; but I have a house and the means to support a family, while you have nothing but your red cap, and that even you have ceased to wear—"

"But I can wear it any time I please," replied Toma, "and then I may be a free gondolier."

"Might be, if you had a gondola."

"Can be, for I have the money to buy one!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ringha, disagreeably surprised.

"Yes, indeed! my savings amount to enough for that."

"Then, to marry Zeppa, you propose to leave me and become a gondolier again. But, suppose she won't have you?" he added, with an ironical smile.

"I don't see why you laugh. There will be time enough for that when I have been refused," said Toma, proudly. "I shall ask her which she prefers—to follow to the city a Castellano who has his own gondola, or to remain here, on the Lido, with you."

This turn of affairs was, viewed in any aspect, most unwelcome to the Lido peasant, not that he had any doubts with regard to Zeppa's decision; he had no fears that, with her calculating nature, she would not decide in his favor, although a young, handsome, and skilful gondolier, and a life in the city, were considerations that might cause her to take time for reflection. But, no matter which way Zeppa decided, he would be the loser. If she chose his adopted son, then Luigi would lose these two faithful assistants in his business affairs; if she chose him, then he could not expect to retain the honest and industrious Toma. Look which way he would, he saw only disaster. No complication could have been more unwelcome to him.

"So, you want to be a gondolier again!" he cried, in his perplexity. "A fine gondolier you would be! You have never been any thing but a bungler in handling a boat since I have known you. When the wind is in the west, you can never bring our boat into the *giudecca*" (mouth of the canal).

"Oh, if it depended on our skill as gondoliers, I should have no fear whose wife Zeppa would be!" returned Toma.

"Wouldn't you, indeed, Master Braggart!" cried the peasant, scornfully.

"No, I wouldn't!" answered Toma, proudly. "If Zeppa was the prize to be won in a regatta, I would win her as sure as I know my right hand from my left."

"We shall see. I am willing the question should be decided in that way," returned

Luigi, whose pride in his skill as a boatman was aroused at the mere suggestion of a regatta.

The Venetian boatmen are a peculiar people. Aside from the rivalry that has existed from time immemorial between the black-caps and the red-caps, the Nicolotti and the Castellani, two gondoliers cannot find themselves going in the same direction without immediately entering upon a trial of strength and skill. They are, if possible, fonder of racing than are the officers of our Western river-steamers. Indeed, the daily trips from the Lido to Venice and back, whether the boats are loaded or not, are almost so many races. If we consider, furthermore, that the Venetians are passionately fond of games of chance, and are always ready to risk their money, be it on the result of the yearly regatta, in the lottery or at cards, we shall not be surprised at Toma's suggestion or at Luigi's readiness to measure oars with his rival, letting Zeppa be the prize for which they contended.

"I ask for nothing better," repeated Luigi. "I am content that a race shall determine which of us shall have her. The one who loses shall resign his claim, but, Toma, I must demand certain conditions."

"What are they?" asked Toma, overjoyed. "You know, if I agree to them, that I will be as good as my word."

"Well, then," continued Luigi, "if you win, you and Zeppa must both remain with me as heretofore; and if you lose, you shall still continue to live with me and help me as you always have done."

"Agreed!" cried Toma, reaching out his hand.

"One thing more," added the peasant.

"Well, out with it! I will agree to any thing that's fair," said Toma, eagerly.

"Not a word of this to Zeppa, she must know nothing about it, not a syllable. We must keep the matter strictly to ourselves."

"She shall know nothing about it from me, I promise you—no, nor anybody else. At Easter there will be a regatta, as usual. We will enter our names and race with the rest."

"Whether you win or lose, then, you will remain on the Lido," recapitulated Luigi.

"Win or lose, I remain," repeated Toma.

They grasped each other's hands heartily, and returned to the loading of their boat for the next morning's market.

This amicable and thoroughly Venetian arrangement was not entered into as secretly as the parties directly concerned supposed. Zeppa, who chanced to be busy plaiting her heavy braids and adjusting her big silver comb before a little mirror she had placed on the casement, wondered that Luigi and Toma, who had just filled a large basket with parsnips for the boat, did not pass the window. This excited her curiosity. She went over to the window that looked out on the garden and saw the two men, their basket standing before them, engaged in an animated conversation. Hearing her own name pronounced by one of them, she raised the window carefully and listened. What could they be saying about her? The perfect stillness of the evening, and the unguarded tone in which they spoke, enabled

her to overhear almost their entire conversation, which gave the dark-eyed maiden abundant food for reflection.

Aside from the race, which very naturally flattered her vanity, there were several points that seemed to her to demand her special consideration.

Toma was determined on her account to leave his well-to-do adopted father and become a Castellano, and, besides, he had the money to provide himself with a gondola.

Having almost grown up with Toma, neither he nor his prospects had seemed to her worthy of special notice; but now he had appeared to her in a new light. All at once he became in her eyes quite a hero; she suddenly saw in him decision of character, courage, and all those qualities that go to make up a whole man. In fact, the entire Toma had, as if by magic to her maiden vision, assumed a very different shape. The brown, lean stripling began to be, in Zeppa's eyes, an object of interest. The consequence was, that she gave him more attention than she had hitherto done, which resulted in her discovering an indefinite number of amiable and noble traits in his character that had previously, and very strangely, escaped her notice. But then Ringha was a proprietor, while Toma would have to commence life at the beginning. "And, suppose Toma should win the race and Ringha should be compelled to relinquish his design?" speculated Zeppa. "Well, in that case, I shall still be at liberty to choose the one I may prefer." With this reflection, she decided to wait silently and patiently the result of the race.

But she found it much more difficult to wait patiently than she supposed it would be. An inclination to compare the two men had been awakened, and she found it impossible to resist it; this wrought a continual change in her preference, a wavering in her resolutions. Toma interested her more and more, in spite of every effort to keep him out of her thoughts, and to occupy herself with his rival.

The time for the regatta approached, and Zeppa, although she had resolved to await its issue with patient indifference, trembled when she thought of it. She found herself in a state of nervous agitation which, do what she would, she could not overcome, and for which she could not account. True, she held her fate in her own hands, and yet the thought of the approaching contest would almost take away her breath. A young girl of some other nationalities would, probably, in her frame of mind, have been unfitted for the vegetable trade; not so, however, with Zeppa: she, on the contrary, was more active than ever—cried out louder, gesticulated more energetically, and waxed more eloquent in recommending her asparagus, onions, and love-apples, than in the days when she had nothing but her daily duties to occupy her mind. Toma was seen as usual in the streets and alleys of Venice with his portable table, and Ringha went his rounds as was his wont, from hotel to hotel and from house to house, supplying his customers.

So lived our three so widely-unlike persons, and awaited the coming Easter and the

result of the regatta, which, be what it would, must materially change their respective relations.

II.

AN Easter *fête* in Venice does not differ materially from the Easter festivities and ceremonies in the other Italian cities. The whole population may be seen, with green sprigs in their hands, either going to or coming from the churches, and the innumerable church-bells fill the air with their various tones. But the air of Venice is such as is found nowhere else. The water of the canals reflects the clear sunlight back on the fantastic marble palaces, lending them additional beauty. This strange old city swims on a sea of silvery ether, blinding to the eye, but exhilarating to the soul.

And the Easter sun of Venice smiles more brightly and joyfully than the paler sun of the North; the noisy, joyous, careless people flock in crowds through the narrow streets, the canals are alive with boats—the whole population are on their way, in their many-colored holiday garb, toward the majestic, fairy-like Canale Grande, in order to witness the most popular spectacle to be seen in Venice—the Easter regatta or boat-race.

Luigi and Toma for the week previous to Easter had been busy day and night carrying vegetables to the city, and, in addition, green boughs for the *fête*; but now they devoted themselves to making ready for the momentous contest. They went in the same gondola to Venice, but there they separated. Toma donned the red cap of the Castellani, Luigi the black cap of the Nicolotti. Both wore knee-breeches and white stockings; Toma a red, sleeveless jacket, and metal buttons; Luigi a similar one, but black. Four Nicolotti and four Castellani were pitted against one another. They stood, their oars in their hands, before the Piazzetta San Marco, in their narrow, black boats, with high bows shaped like a swan's neck. It was to be a scull-race. The point to be reached was beyond the Rialto Bridge, a high, arched stone structure that spanned the wide Canale Grande. The canal was completely covered with the boats of the spectators, except a passage in the middle wide enough for the contestants.

Toma and Luigi had been compelled to tell Zeppa that they were among the contestants at the regatta, but both had refrained from telling her the real reason why they had entered the lists. If, however, the two rivals had not been completely absorbed in their preparations, they would have observed a marked change in the girl they were so intent on winning. She breathed heavily, and her lips trembled, and she could hardly restrain her tears as she sat in the boat that took her and her two lovers over to the race. It was with an effort that she, in her gayest and gaudiest attire, ascended the steps of the piazzetta. The colors of her dress were much the same as those she usually wore, except that she had substituted a bright red kerchief for the yellow one of ordinary occasions. She had new shoes, and carried a large handsome fan, while her extensive comb and big golden ear-rings shone their brightest. She was intrusted to a friend of Lui-

gi's, who secured for her, on the roof of the Palazzo Loredan, an excellent position from which she could see a good share of the course, and have an excellent view of the goal. From this point she looked around and down listlessly upon the eager, surging masses like one in a dream, and nothing seemed to arouse her until the signal was given to get ready for the race, when her listlessness suddenly disappeared, and she watched intently every movement of the boats in the canal before her.

A large gondola, decorated with the colors and the winged lion of the city, carrying a band of music, moved down slowly over the course, and when it arrived at the end, three cannon-shots were fired as a signal to begin.

The four Nicolotti and the four Castellani bent over their oars, and out came the eight light gondolas into the canal—the rows of picturesque old palaces that lined it being gayly decorated with flags and banners. All along down the canal on both sides there was an immense concourse of shouting people of both sexes and of all ages. Nor were the people in the boats ranged on the sides of the course less demonstrative; the members of the two rival parties encouraged their respective representatives in the contest with the loudest shouts they were capable of. And in this chaos of sound the eight light barks sped on their way as rapidly as the strong arms of the oarsmen could send them.

At the goal stood the judges, three impartial burghers of the better sort, in a boat with a tall mast decorated with flags and flowers; beside the judges' boat lay that of the musicians, who were ready to receive the victors with a deafening blast. Formerly, the three first received costly silk stuffs, while the last of the four victors had a live hog thrown into his boat. Latterly, however, the city offers the prizes in money.

Zeppa stood motionless, supporting herself by holding on to the marble balustrade that enclosed the roof of the palace. Not for the world would she have taken her eyes off the contending boats; but it was not Ringha's boat upon which her eyes were fixed—no, they were on Toma, with his red cap and jacket, who got the lead at the start, and was now well in advance of his four black-capped competitors.

But suddenly it was as though a dagger had been thrust into her breast. Toma had fallen forward in his boat, and half his oar floated behind on the water—he had broken it. He sprang instantly to his feet and seized another oar, but, in the mean time, a black cap shot ahead of him. Zeppa knew the big, curly head only too well; it belonged to Ringha. The next moment a blast of trumpets reached her ear, that would not have brought her keener anguish if she had believed it the trumpet-blast of the last day; it told her who was victor, and—to whom her heart belonged.

Her long pent-up anxiety and suspense now found vent in a flood of tears, and while around and beneath her there was nothing to be seen or heard but joyous commotion, Zeppa sobbed as though her heart would break.

She did not see, and did not care to see, who else was among the victors; she found

her way down from the palace-roof and turned her steps mechanically toward the place of rendezvous. There she sat down on the steps of the Egyptian granite column of the marketplace from which, whilom, the laws of the republic were proclaimed, and waited for the rivals.

It was long before they came. They had first to receive the congratulations of their friends. Toma, despite his mishap, was among the victors. When they arrived they were both greatly astonished at the sight Zeppa presented. Toma was very much cast down, and could find nothing to say to his lady-love. Luigi, on the contrary, who supposed Zeppa had cried because they kept her waiting so long, wanted to take her by the hand and lead her in triumph to an *osteria*, where he could celebrate his victory by making good cheer.

Zeppa, however, did not stir from her seat, and continued to weep, regardless of those standing around her. She seemed deaf to Luigi's inquiries and proposal; but suddenly she sprang to her feet, seized the despondent Toma by the hand, and cried out much louder than was necessary: "I will go with you, Toma, if you did lose, and with no one else!" Thereby she pressed close to his side and opened her large eyes on poor, harmless Luigi as though he were some beast of prey.

Toma seemed bewildered by this new turn of affairs. He hesitated a moment, then drew his hand away, and said, in a subdued but manly tone:

"No, Zeppa, not with me—go with him. I gave him my word not to stand in his way if he won."

"Then I will live with him no longer!" cried Zeppa, with all the passionate intensity of her Italian nature. "I will go away—away as far as my feet can carry me. I will never go back to the Lido, as true as I believe in the Madonna di Santa Croce!"

"Have you told her any thing of our agreement, Toma?" asked the astonished Luigi, who began to see how matters stood.

"No, I have not told her a word—I always keep my promises," replied Toma.

"Do you know any thing of our bargain, Zeppa?" asked Luigi.

"Yes, I know all about it!" cried Zeppa, sobbing. "I have known about it all along. I overheard it; and I will not marry you, or live with you any longer, or ever see you again—ever, ever, or may I never kneel again at the shrine of the Madonna!"

And then the pretty Zeppa began anew to tear her hair and weep, unmindful of the crowd that stood around her.

When Zeppa called on the Madonna di Santa Croce to witness her resolutions, Ringha knew "there was no power in the tongue of man to alter her." He pushed his victorious black cap over on one side of his head, and ran his fingers—in the brownest of brown studies—through the long, frizzly hair behind his ears. At the bare thought of the danger that threatened—the danger of losing his two faithful aids—the last spark of love went suddenly out. The Lido peasant was not the man to let sentiment interfere with his material interests. As matters stood, he even wished his rival had been the victor. What was to be done?

"Toma," said he, finally, "do you, then, refuse to have her?"

"Refuse to have her? I!" cried Toma, in a tone of joyous surprise. "But, will you resign your claim, Luigi?"

"Yes, I will; but I hold you to your promise—you are not to become a gondolier, Toma. You must both remain with me."

"I ask for nothing better," replied Toma.

"Then she is yours."

And the blissful Toma threw his red cap up in the air, catching it as it came down, and cried: "*Evviva Luigi!*" throwing one arm around Zeppa, whose tears were quickly dried. "*Evviva Luigi Ringha! Evviva il Lido contadino*" (peasant). "Now, you will remain with him also. We will both remain."

And again the red cap went into the air.

It was long after nightfall when our three people, in a handsomely-decorated gondola, that had been provided by their friends, set out for their modest but happy home, and Ringha seemed not less content with the business of the day than were the youthful lovers. When the heart is not interested, we are easily consoled!

BRESSANT.*

A NOVEL.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TILL THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

HER fruitless call for Bressant seemed quite to exhaust Sophie. For a long time afterward she hardly opened her mouth, except to swallow some hot black coffee. The professor sat, for the most part, with his finger on her pulse, his eyes looking more hollow and his forehead more deeply lined than ever before, but with no other signs of anxiety or suffering. Cornelia came in and out—a restless spirit. She awaited Sophie's recovery with no less of dread than of hope. Her life hung, as it were, upon her sister's. The moment in which Sophie recovered her faculties enough to think and speak, would be the last that Cornelia could maintain her mask of honor and respectability, for Cornelia knew that Sophie was in possession of her secret; she had been up in her room, and the open window had told the story.

It was a time of awful suspense. Cornelia wished there had been somebody there to talk with; even Bill Reynolds would have been welcome, now. He, however, had departed long ago, having bethought himself that his horse was catching its death a-cold, standing out there with no rug on. She was entirely alone; she hardly dared to think, for fear something guilty should be generated in her mind; and, though every moment was pain, without stop or mitigation, every moment was inestimably precious, too; it was so much between her and revelation. She almost counted the seconds as they passed, yet rated them for dragging on so wearily.

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Every tick of the little ormolu-clock marked away a large part of her life, and yet was wearisome to so much of it as remained. Sometimes she debated whether she could not anticipate the end by speaking out at once, of her own free-will; but no, short as her time was, she could not afford to lose the smallest fraction of it—no, she could not.

Bethinking herself that her father would be lost to her after the revelation had taken place, Cornelia felt a consuming desire to enjoy his love to the fullest possible extent during the interval. She wanted to have him call her his dear daughter—to hold her hand—to pat her cheek—to kiss her forehead with his rough, bristly lips—to tell her, in his gruff, kind voice, that she was a solace and a resource to him. The thousand various little ways in which he had testified his deepening affection—she had not noticed them or thought much of them, so long as she felt secure of always commanding them—with what different eyes she looked back upon them now! Oh, if they might all be lavished upon her during these last few remaining hours, or minutes! Should she not go and sit down at his knee, and ask him to pet her and caress her?

No; she would not steal the love for which her soul thirsted, even though he whom she robbed should not feel the loss. She had stripped him of much that would doubtless seem to him of far more worth and importance; but when it came to taking, under false pretences, a thing so sacred as her father's love, Cornelia drew back, and, spite of her great need, had the grace to make the sacrifice. Let it not be underrated; a woman who sees honor, reputation, and happiness, slipping away from her, will struggle hardest of all for the little remaining scrap of love, and only feel wholly forlorn after that, too, has vanished away.

At length, about daybreak, or a little after, Sophie spoke, low, but very distinctly:

"I'm going to sleep; don't wake me or disturb me;" and almost immediately sank into a profound slumber—so very profound, indeed, that it rather bore likeness to a trance. Yet, her pulse still beat regularly, though faintly, and at long intervals, and her breath went and came, though with a motion almost imperceptible to the eye.

"Is it a good sign? Will she get well now?" asked Cornelia, as she and her father stood looking down at her.

"She'll never get well, my dear," said Professor Valeyon, very quietly. "Her mind and body both have had too great a shock—far too great. More has happened than we know of yet, I suspect. But we shall hear, we shall hear. Yes, sleep is good for her: it'll make her comfortable. Her nerves will be the quieter."

"O papa! papa! is our little Sophie going to die?" faltered Cornelia; and then she broke down completely. She had not fully grasped the idea until that moment; but the very tone in which her father spoke had the declaration of death in it. It was not his usual deep, gruff, forcible voice, shutting off abruptly at the end of his sentences, and beginning them as sharply. It had lost body and color, was thin, subdued, and monoto-

nous. Professor Valeyon had changed from a lusty winter into a broken, infirm, and marrowless thaw.

He stood and watched her weep for a long while, bending his eyes upon her from beneath their heavy, impending brows. Heavy and impending they were still, but the vitality—the sort of warm-hearted fierceness—of his look was gone—gone! A young and bitter grief, like Cornelia's, coming at a time of life when the feelings are so tender, and their manifestation of pain so poignant—is terrible enough to see, God knows! But the dry-eyed anguish of the old, of those who no longer possess the latent, indefinite, all-powerful encouragement of the future to support them—who can breathe only the lifeless, cheerless air of the past—grief with them does not convulse: it saps, and chills, and crumbles away, without noise or any kind of demonstration. The sight does not terrify or harrow us, but it makes us sick at heart, and tinges our thoughts with a gloomy stain, which rather sinks out of sight than is worn away.

"Will you stay and watch with her, my dear?" said the old man, at last. "She'll sleep some hours, I think. I'll take a little sleep myself. Call me when she wakes."

So Cornelia was left alone to watch her sleeping and dying sister. All the morning she sat by the bed, almost as motionless as Sophie herself. Her mind was like a surf-wave that breaks upon the shore, slips back, regathers itself, and undulates on, to break again. Begin where she would, she always ended on that bed, with its well-known face, set around with soft dark hair, always in the same position upon the pillow, which yielded beneath it in always the same creases and curves. By-and-by, wherever she turned, still she saw that face, with the pillow rising around it; and when she shut her eyes, there it was, growing in the blackness, clearer the more she tried to avert her mind.

It seemed to Cornelia—for time enters involuntarily into our thoughts upon all subjects—that the present order of things must have existed for a far longer period than a single night. How could the events of a few hours wear such deep and unfaceable channels in human lives? But our souls have a chronology of their own, compared with the vividness and instantaneous workings of which our bodies bear but a dull and lagging part. Sorrow and joy, which act upon the soul immediately, must labor long ere they can write themselves legibly and permanently upon our faces.

Cornelia fell to wondering too—as most people under the pressure of grief are prone to do—whether there were any sympathy or any connection between the world and the human beings who live upon it. Her eyes wandered hither and thither about the room, and found it almost startling in its unaltered naturalness. There was the same view of trees, road, and field, out of the window; and the same snow which had fallen before the tragedy, lay there now. Even in Sophie's face there was no adequate transformation.

Indeed, being somewhat reddened and swollen by the reaction from freezing, a stranger might have supposed that she was tolerably stout and glowing with vitality.

And Cornelia looked at her own hands, as they lay in her lap; they were as round and shapely as ever; and there, upon the smooth back of one, below the forefinger, was a white scar, where she had cut herself when a little girl. Moreover—Cornelia started as her eyes rested upon it, and the blood rose painfully to her face—there was a dark, discolored bruise, encircling one wrist: Bressant's last gift—an ominous betrothal ring!

Thus several hours passed away, until, at length, Cornelia raised her eyes suddenly, and encountered those of Sophie, fixed upon her.

What a look was that! At all times there was more to be seen in Sophie's eyes than in most women's; but now they were fathomless, and yet never more clear and simple. Cornelia read in them all and more than legions of words could have told her. There were visible the complete grasp and appreciation of Cornelia's and Bressant's crime; the realization of her own position between them; pity and sympathy for the sinners, too, were there; and love, not sisterly, nor quite human, for Sophie had already begun to put on immortality—but such a love as an angel might have felt, knowing the temptation and the punishment. Before that look Cornelia felt her own bitterness and anguish fade away, as a candle is obliterated by the sun. She saw in Sophie so much higher a capacity for feeling, so much profounder and more sublime an emotion, that she was ashamed of her own beside it.

There was at once a comprehensiveness and a particularity in Sophie's gaze which, while humbling and abasing Cornelia, brought a comfortable feeling that full justice, upon all points, had been done her in Sophie's mind. There was no lack of charity for her trials and temptations, no vindictiveness. Cornelia felt no impulse to plead her cause, because aware that all she could say would be anticipated in her sister's forgiveness. Nay, she almost wished there had been some bitterness and anger against which to contend. Perhaps it may be so with our souls in their judgment-day: God's mercy may outstrip the poor conjectures we have formed about it. He may see palliation for our sins, which we ourselves had not taken into account.

After a few moments, Sophie beckoned Cornelia to come near, and, as the latter stood beside the bed, took her by the hand and smiled.

"I've been all this time with Bressant," were her first words, spoken faintly, but with a quiet and serene assurance.

Cornelia made no answer; indeed, she could not speak. Strange and incomprehensible as Sophie's assertion was, she did not think of doubting but that in some way it must be true. Sophie continued:

"Before I went to sleep, I prayed God to send my spirit to him; and we have been together. Neelie, he is coming back!"

"Coming back! Sophie, coming back! For what?"

"Don't look so frightened, my darling. He will tell you why when he gets here. That will be to-morrow, at noon."

"O Sophie! Sophie! the day and hour of your marriage!"

Cornelia sank upon her knees, and hid her face upon the edge of the bed. But Sophie let her hand wander over her head, with a soothing motion.

"No, dear: that's all over, Neelie dear, you know. Not the day and hour of my marriage any more. Neelie, I want to ask you something."

Cornelia lifted her head from the bedside; then, divining from Sophie's face, ere it was spoken, what her question was to be, faintness and terror seized upon her, and she clasped her hands over her eyes. The unexpectedness of Sophie's first awakening, and her subsequent strange speech concerning Bressant, had driven from Cornelia's head the matter which had monopolized her thoughts and fears before; and it now recurred to her with an effect almost as overwhelming as if the idea had been a new one.

"I couldn't do it," said she, huskily; "It seemed worse than killing myself. I believe it would have killed me to have stood before him, with his eyes upon my face, and have told him—told him—"

"Yes, dear, yes; it must not be you, Neelie. How is he? Does he seem well and cheerful?"

"I don't know—I've hardly dared to look at him, or speak to him. He's been lying down, I believe, since you went to sleep."

"Ask him to come to me," Sophie said, after a pause. "I will speak to him: I'll tell him: it will be best that I should do it; and you will trust me?"

"O Sophie!" was all Cornelia could say; but it expressed at least the fulness of her heart. What must be the love and tenderness that could undertake such a task as this! How great the trial for a nature delicate and shrinking, like Sophie's, to bear witness before their own father of her sister's sin against herself! But Sophie was as brave as she was feminine and delicate.

Cornelia's gratitude, however, was mingled still with a despairing agony, and her life seemed to be escaping from her. If this cup might but pass!

"He will not be to me as you are, Sophie. He will never look at me again."

"Do not fear," replied Sophie, with her faint but incomparable smile. "If I can forgive you, surely he must. Go and call him, and then stay in your room till he comes to you."

But Cornelia, as she left the room upon her heavy errand, shook her head, and drew a shivering breath. She knew her father would look upon the matter more from the world's point of view than Sophie did; and it was a curious example of the strength of the material element in Cornelia, that she more feared to meet her father's eye, whom she felt would understand that aspect of her disgrace, than Sophie's, who probably had a more acute, and certainly a more exclusive, perception of her spiritual accountability.

As she was beginning to mount the stairs she met her father, already on his way down. He noticed the wretchedness depicted on her face, and, supposing it to be all on Sophie's account, did what he could to comfort her.

"Don't despair, my child," quoth the old man, laying his hands on her shoulders.

"Nothing is so hopeless that we mayn't trust in God to better it."

The words seemed to apply so felicitously that Cornelia tried to think it a good omen sent from heaven. Then he bent over and kissed her forehead—perhaps before she was aware, perhaps not; but she took it, praying that it might prove a blessing to her hereafter, even if it were the last she were destined to receive. She passed on into her own room without speaking, and sat down there to wait.

To wait! and for what, and how long? till her father came to her? But suppose he were not to come? She would stay there, perhaps, an hour—that would be long enough—yes, too long; but still let it be an hour; and then, he not coming, what should she do? Go to him? No, she would never dare, never presume to do that. What then? steal downstairs, a guilty, hateful thing, softly open the door which would never open to her again, and run away through the snow? The world would be before her, but snow and ice would but faintly symbolize its coldness. Was it likely that heaven itself would yield her entrance after her father's door had closed upon her?

But would not Sophie prevail and turn his heart to forgiveness? Oh! but why was it not probable, and more than probable, that the argument would result the other way? that her father, by a clear and stern representation of the real heinousness of her offence, would convince Sophie that Cornelia was entitled to nothing but condemnation? There would be nothing to urge against the justice of such a sentence—nothing.

Perhaps Sophie's courage might fail her, or her strength give way, leaving the ugly story but half told, and then her father would come to her to learn the rest. What should she do then? How much more terrible to be obliged to tell him then, after having made up her mind that her sister was to take the burden off her shoulders, than it would have been before any such resource had presented itself! How much more awful to meet her father when aroused by suspicion and anger, and perhaps loathing, than to begin her confession while his face was as she had always seen it when turned toward her—loving and tender!

She could not sit still, at last, but rose up from her chair to walk the room, not from the old, restless energy, which needed physical exercise to keep it within bounds—for Cornelia was now white and faint from exhaustion of mind and body—but from the tumult of pervading fear and delusive hope; the attention strained to catch some sound from below, and the dread lest it should never come. As the suspense grew more painful, the rapidity of her walk increased.

She expected now, every moment, to catch herself shrieking aloud, or performing some mad action or other. How long had she been up there already? Was it an hour yet? It must be an hour. Oh! it was more. Was he never coming, then?—never? O God! was there no forgiveness? Cornelia's walk had gone on quickening until it was almost a run. She was circling round and round the room like a wild animal: was growing dizzy and exhausted, but was afraid to stop:

better her body should give way than her mind. And all the time her ears were alert for the slightest sound.

She halted, wild-eyed, and unsteady on her feet, her hand trembling at her lips. A step in the passage below, ascending the stairs slowly and heavily. Oh! did it come in mercy? She tried to draw a meaning from the sound—then dared not trust her inference. The steps had gained the landing now—were advancing along the entry toward her door. Did they bear a load of sorrow only, or of hate and condemnation likewise?

They paused at her threshold; then there was a knock, thrice repeated; not loud, nor rapid, nor regular, nor precise—rather as one heart might knock for admittance to another. Cornelia tried to say "Come in," or to open the door, but could neither speak nor move. Iron bands seemed to be clasped around all her faculties of motion. Would he go away and leave her?

The door opened, turning slowly and hesitatingly on its hinges, until it disclosed her father's venerable figure. His limbs seemed weak, his shoulders drooped; but Cornelia looked only at his face. His eyes were deep and compassionate. He held out his arms, which shook slightly but continually: "Come, my daughter," said he.

She was his daughter still! She cried out, and, walking hurriedly to him, laid herself close against him, and he hugged her closer yet—poor, miserable, erring creature though she was.

So the three were reunited, and not superficially, but more intimately and indissolubly than ever before. They would not be apart, but remained together in Bressant's room, Sophie on the bed, with an expression of divine contentment on her face, Cornelia and the professor sitting near.

"Papa," said Sophie, as the afternoon came on, "I want to make my will."

Cornelia caught her breath sharply, and, turning away her face, covered her eyes with her hand. Professor Valcyon's gray eyebrows gathered for a moment; then he steadied himself, and said, "Well, my dear."

It was not a very intricate matter; the various little bequests were soon made and noted down as she requested. After all was disposed of there was a little pause.

"Neelie, dear," then said Sophie, turning her eyes full upon her, "I bequeath my love to you."

Cornelia perceived the hidden significance in the words, and blushed so deep and warm that the tears were dried upon her cheeks. Sophie went on before she could make any reply:

"And I have something left for you, too, papa, though I know no one needs it less than you. But you may be called on for a great deal, so I bequeath you my charity. I haven't had it so very long myself."

The professor bowed his head, and, the will being complete, he took off his spectacles and wiped them with his handkerchief.

"I was telling Neelie this morning, papa," resumed Sophie, after a while, "that I had been—that I'd had a dream that I was with Bressant; and I feel sure—though I suppose you'll think it nothing but a sick fancy of

mine—that he will be here to-morrow noon."

The professor looked at Sophie, startled and anxious; but her appearance was so composed, straightforward, and full of faith, he could not think her wandering.

"Do you know where he has been, my dear? or where he is now?" asked he, gently.

"I cannot tell that. I knew and understood a great deal in my dream that I cannot remember now," she answered. "I only know that he will be here to-morrow; and papa, and you, Neelie, whether you believe as I do or not, I want you to get ready to receive him. Let it be in this dear old room—I lying here as I am now, and you sitting so beside me. We'll wait for him to-morrow morning until twelve o'clock. If I should die before then, let my body stay here until noon, for I want him to see my face when he comes, so that he'll always remember how happy I looked. But if, after that little clock on the mantel-piece strikes twelve, still he isn't here, then you may do with me as you will. I shall not know, nor mind."

After this little speech Sophie became very silent, being, in truth, too weak and worn out to speak or move, save at long, and ever longer intervals. All that night Professor Valcyon carried an aching and mistrustful heart; but Cornelia had a red spot in either cheek, never fading nor shifting. Sophie appeared to wander several times, murmuring something about darkness, and snow, and deadly weariness. A snow-storm had set in toward evening, and lasted until daybreak—a circumstance which seemed to cause Sophie considerable anxiety.

By ten o'clock all the preparations were made according to Sophie's wish, and there was nothing to do but to wait. Cornelia sat brooding with folded arms, and the feverish spots on her cheeks. Occasionally she restlessly varied her position, seldom allowing her eyes to stray around the room, however, save that once in a while they sought Sophie's colorless, ethereal face, as a thirsty soul the water. The professor stood much at the window, and once or twice he imagined he caught a glimpse, somewhere down the road, of a darkly-clad woman's figure; but she never came nearer, and he decided it must be a hallucination of his fading eyes.

Eleven o'clock struck from the little ormolu timepiece. A few moments afterward Sophie stirred slightly as she lay, and the professor and Cornelia listened breathlessly for what she would say.

She lifted her heavy lids, and turned her eyes, a little dimmer now than heretofore, but steady and confident, first on her father, then on her sister.

"Till noon—remember!" said she.

Nothing more was heard, after that, but the hasty ticking of the little ormolu-clock, as its hands travelled steadily around the circle.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

BRESSANT jumped on to the platform of the newly-arrived train. The cars were pretty

full; but, coming at last to a vacant seat by the side of a clean-shaven gentleman with a straight, hard mouth, and a glossy brown wig, curling smoothly inward all around the edge, he dropped into it without ceremony.

The train left the depot, and hurried away over the road which Bressant had just traversed in the opposite direction. He sat with his arms folded, appearing to take no notice of any thing, and his neighbor with the wig read the latest edition of a New-York paper with stern attention, occasionally altering the position of his stove-pipe hat on his head. By-and-by, the conductor, a small, precise man, with a dark-blue coat, cap to match, a neatly-trimmed sandy beard, shaved upper lip, and an utterance as distinct and clippy as the holes his steel punch made in the tickets, came along upon his rounds.

Bressant put his hands into his pockets, and discovered, with some consternation, that he had but a comparatively small amount of money left; his newly-accepted poverty was certainly losing no time in making itself felt. However, such as it was, he handed it to the conductor, and inquired how near it would take him to his proposed destination.

"Eighty-one miles, rail," responded the official, as he took and clipped the ticket of the gentleman with the newspaper; "comes shorter by road, seventy-four to seventy-five," and he proceeded down the aisle, snapping up tickets on one side or the other, as a hen does grains of corn.

Bressant covered his eyes with his hand, and amused himself by performing a little sum in mental arithmetic.

The amount of money he had given the conductor represented a distance which it would take a certain length of time—say four hours—to traverse. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and consequently would be eight before that distance was accomplished. From eight o'clock Saturday night till twelve o'clock Sunday noon, was sixteen hours, and in sixteen hours he must travel, on foot, and through the snow, seventy-five miles of unknown roads.

"Four and a half miles an hour, and nothing to eat since breakfast," said Bressant to himself. He took his hand from his eyes, and passed it down his face to his beard, which he twisted and turned unmercifully. "It's lucky it isn't any more," remarked he, philosophically.

In the course of half an hour or so, the straight-mouthed gentleman, having finished the last column of his paper, folded it up into the smallest possible compass, and handed it politely to Bressant. The latter accepted it abstractedly, and, opening one fold, read the first paragraph which presented itself, his interest increasing as he proceeded. It was in the column of latest local news, and after bewailing, in choice language, the frightful prevalence, even among the highest aristocracy, of opium-eating and kindred indulgences, it went on to particularize the sad case of an esteemed lady, of great wealth and high connection, widow of a scion of one of our oldest families, who, having unwisely yielded herself, during many years past, to an inordinate use of morphine, as an antidote to nervous disorder, had, on the previous evening, in a

temporary paroxysm of madness, succeeded in taking her own life. "No other cause can be assigned for the rash act," pursued the paragraph, "Mrs. V. being in all other respects, than as regarded this unfortunate weakness, blessed beyond the average. She was at the moment, it is understood, contemplating immediate departure for a lengthened sojourn in Europe, taking with her an only son, a young man of fine attainments, and a recent graduate of one of our first theological seminaries; who desired to seek, among the European capitals, at once for the recreation and culture which the arduous preparation for, and the enlightened prosecution of, his exalted calling, rendered respectively necessary and desirable. It is not known whether this sad casualty will cause him to relinquish his design."

After finishing this paragraph, which discreetly suppressed any further personality than to remark that the deceased bore one of those quaint old Knickerbocker surnames which are in New York synonymous with *haut ton* and gentility, Bressant folded up the paper, and, resting his arms upon the back of the seat in front of him, made them a pillow for his forehead. This position he maintained so long, that his neighbor with the wig came to the conclusion that he must be either asleep or drunk; and, by way of arriving at some solution of the question, abstracted from his hand the rolled-up newspaper which protruded out of it. At this the young man roused himself, and presently turned to him of the wig, and thanked him for his loan with an earnestness which appeared to him, under the circumstances, rather uncalled for. He began to doubt the prudence of sitting next to so large a man, of so singular a behavior, and took advantage of the next vacancy that occurred to shift his quarters, carrying the newspaper with him.

Darkness had fallen, and the lighted interior of the crowded car had duplicated itself, through the medium of the glass window-pane, upon the black vacancy without, long before the train halted at the station which marked the boundary of Bressant's riding privilege. He got out, and was immediately smitten in the face by the cold, impalpable fingers of a thick-falling snow-storm.

A bobbing lantern, carried by an invisible man, was all that came to welcome him. He walked into the waiting-room, which was lighted by a lamp with a dirty tin reflector behind it, and was furnished with a few well-worn chairs, painted gray, and polished by use; a couple of spittoons, and a pyramidal stove, containing the ashes of the day's fire. The plaster walls were ornamented by many-colored railway cards, and by a fly-spotted and dusty map. A clock was fastened over the door.

He turned to the man with the lantern (who was standing in the door-way, looking as if he rather suspected Bressant contemplated stealing some of the valuables of the place), and asked him whether he could tell him the nearest road to his destination. After considerable questioning and delay, the man finally announced his entire ignorance in the matter; and Bressant was just about to make him a sharp rejoinder, when his eyes hap-

pened to fall upon the map. He stepped up to it, and found it to be of the State in which they were.

By the aid of the lantern, and a good deal of dusting, he finally discovered the spot in which he then stood, and managed to trace out a doubtful line of road between that and the place whither he was bound. There seemed to be few cross-roads, however, and such as there were he rapidly noted in his memory. In one place the road ran off in a kind of loop, to pass through an outlying village, and, by making a cross-cut at that point, he might save himself five or six miles. But since, on calculation, he found it would be at least six o'clock in the morning before he got to the loop in question, he decided not to risk abandoning, in the state he would then be in, the beaten track for any such problematical advantage.

As he left the dirty waiting-room, and the invisible man with the lantern, the clock over the door marked five minutes past eight. Although it was more than twelve hours since he had eaten food, he was not (owing to having passed so much of the day in sleep) so hungry as he might have been. Nevertheless, appreciating what a task was before him, he would have given any thing that he could call his own for a good meal before starting. But he had handed over his last cent to the conductor, and now time pressed him.

He was young and strong, and no one was more tireless in walking than he; his joints were firm as iron, yet supple and springy; his muscles tough and lean, of immense enduring power; his lungs were deep, and he breathed easily through his nostrils; his gait was long and elastic; but, had he been twice the man he was, the journey upon which he was now started would have been no child's-play; being what he was, it was nothing less than a hazard of life and death. But Bressant seemed to think the peril quite worth encountering, in consideration of the chance of arriving by noon next day at the Parsonage-door; and, for the first time in his life, he felt grateful to God for the mighty bones and sinews he had given him. This was the time to use them, if they were paralyzed forever afterward!

Having gained the road, he set off with a long, swinging stride, such as the Indians use, half-way between a walk and a run. As long as he could keep that up he would be making six miles an hour—a mile and a half over the necessary rate; but he well knew he would need all his surplus before morning broke, and was determined to make it as large as possible before want of food weakened him. The road, except for the snow, was favorable for speed, being nearly level and tolerably straight; but the flakes flying into his eyes made it impossible to be sure of his footing; and the various ruts and inequalities, common to all American turnpikes, and aggravated by the half-frozen snow covering, caused him several slips and stumbles; trifling matters enough at other times, but now, when every unnecessary breath and false step would count up terribly in the end, quite sufficiently serious.

The vigorous motion, however, sent the blood singing through his body from head to

foot. He felt exhilarated and braced. The driving snow melted pleasantly on his warm face, and ran down into his thickly-curling beard, crusted over with frozen breath and sleet. The cold air came long and refreshingly into his wide-open nostrils. He took off his fur cap and threw open the breast of his pea-jacket. His exuberant physical sensations wrought a corresponding effect upon his previous mental gloom; he found himself looking to the future with dawns of a new hope and cheerfulness. At no time in his life had he felt himself existing through so wide and full a range. He was a man now in full breadth and height, and, as he looked back upon his previous life, he could trace, as from a lofty vantage-ground, the plan and bearing of his former thoughts and deeds.

He remarked the wide discrepancies between what he had proposed and what he had accomplished. How insignificant circumstances had effected momentous results! He saw how, whenever failure and dishonor had filtered in, it was where weakness, self-indulgence, or untruthfulness, had left an opening. He saw how one wrong had been a sure and easy path to another, until in the end he had grovelled face downward in the mire.

His mind turned on the two women between whom his path had lain; how highly he had aimed, and how low he had fallen! How enviable would have been his fate had he consistently kept to either! for each had been peerless in her way. How despicable was his position, having greedily grasped at both! And now the one was dying, and the other degraded like himself. A worthy record that!

One was dying; yes, that he knew, and felt that upon his speed and resolution did it depend whether in this world he might hope for the blessing of forgiveness from her lips. The thought urged him on, like an ever-fretting spur. He butted yet more swiftly into the darkness and against the reeling snow-flakes, and the road lay in steadily lengthening stretches behind him. She was waiting for him—that he felt—and was striving, with all her kind and loving might, to hold herself in life until he came. God help him, then, to be there at the appointed hour!

And Cornelia? Of her he ventured not much to think. She was, perchance, the key whereby, for her and for himself, this dark riddle should hereafter be resolved. As Adam might labor for redemption only with his sin about his neck, so they, out of the fabric woven of their disgrace, must seek to fashion garments in which worthily to appear at heaven's gates.

As his mind rambled thus, he came to the outskirts of a long, wooded track, which—for the map, as he had seen it at the railway-station, was clearly marked out in his memory, from the beginning to the end of his route—he knew was upward of ten miles from his starting-point; and, as near as he could judge (his watch, lying at the bottom of the fountain-basin in the Parsonage-garden, had never been replaced), it must be rather more than half-past nine o'clock. He maintained the same long, swinging trot, as unflinchingly as ever, though, perhaps, a trifle less springily than at first. The footing was deep and

heavy, the thick fir-trees having kept the snow from being blown off the road, as in more exposed situations. Bressant was wet to his skin, for the temperature had risen, and the flakes melted as fast as they fell. Most of his glow and vigor remained, however, and he was no whit disheartened or doubtful. But the sky bent darkly over him, and the tall trees shut out all but a strip even of the scanty light that came thence. The moon would not give her light for hours yet.

Another hour passed on over the toiling man. He had now begun to get among hills, and his course was always either up or down. This was in some degree a relief, affording change of movement to his muscles; but it probably lost him some little time, and certainly gave plenty of exercise to his lungs. Something of the superabundant warmth was leaving his body. He replaced his cap and buttoned up his jacket. What would not half a dozen biscuits have been worth to him now!

On and on. The hills opened, and in the enclosure they made lay a small village, with its white meeting-house and clustering dwellings. The windows were many of them alight: the people were sitting up for the new year. Bressant wondered whether it would dawn for any of them so strangely as for him! As he hurried along the empty street, a sign over one of the doors, barely discernible in the darkness, attracted his attention. He paused close to it, and made out the words, "West India Goods and Groceries;" and at once his fancy revelled in the savory eatables stored beyond his reach. What cheese and butter; what hams, biscuits, and apples; what salted codfish and strings of sausages—were there! Had the store been open, he would have been tempted to rush in, knock the salesman senseless, and make off with whatever he could carry. Strange thoughts these for a man bound on an errand of life and death! But hunger is no respecter of occasions, however inopportune, or of emotions, however incongruous. Bressant passed on. He was now twenty-five miles on his way; and, as he came beneath the meeting-house clock, it struck twelve: the new year had come! To Bressant it brought only the knowledge that he was seven miles ahead of his time; and this served in some measure to counteract the depression caused by his hunger. But on—on! There were still fifty miles to go!

The village vanished, like the old year, behind him. He was now crossing a lofty plateau, over which swept the wind, strong and chilly. He began to feel the cold now, and his wet clothes, once in a while, made him shiver. His physical exhilaration had left him; and his long trot, save where a downward slope favored him, had gradually sobered into a quick walk. His shoes, soaked with snow-water, began to chafe his feet. But he knew better than to stop for rest: the only safety lay in keeping steadily on; and on he kept, his mouth set grimly, and his head a little bent forward.

From the top of the plateau was a gradual descent of some five miles; and here Bressant again fell into a run, reaching the bottom, without extraordinary exertion, in a trifle less than three-quarters of an hour. He felt

the need of his watch very keenly now: it would have been a great assistance and encouragement to know just how much he was doing. He could no longer afford to waste any strength, even in making calculations: he was fully occupied in putting one foot before another.

How dark, and cold, and blankly disheartening it was! He had now completed fifty miles, though he knew it not; but it seemed to him as if he had been full a hundred. His feet, rubbed raw, and stiffened by the cold, were beginning to retard his pace alarmingly. His face and lips were pale; a sensation of emptiness and chilled vitality pervaded his body. It had come down to grim, hard work; every step was a conscious effort; and yet he had no time to spare.

The storm had lightened considerably, but the young man's eyes were dull and heavy; it was a constant struggle to keep awake. He scarcely attended to the road, but plunged along, careless of where he trod. Suddenly, however, and for the first time since starting, he came to a dead halt, and, after gazing about him a moment, cried out in dismay. And well he might, for he stood in a field, with no sign anywhere of road or path! In his sleepy inattention, he had lost his way and wandered he knew not whither.

At first he was too much paralyzed by this discovery to think or act. He threw himself face downward on the snow, and lay like a log. God was against him! How could he go on? Ah, how sweet felt that cold bed! Let him lie there in peace, to move no more! Surely, he had done his best. Who could blame him for a failure beyond his power to avert? The darkness would pass over him, and leave him stretched there motionless; the first light of morning would mark the dark outlines of his prostrate figure, and he would not turn to greet it. Daylight would succeed; the sun would climb the sky, and shine down upon him warmly; but he would be insensible as to the darkness or the cold. Twilight would settle over the field again; and Night, following, would find him as she had left him, prone upon his face, with outstretched arms. For he would be dead—dead—dead—and at rest!

But the end had not yet come. Ere he had quite sunk into insensibility, he was conscious of a feeling within him, as if some one were pulling—pulling at his heart, with a force benign and loving, yet strong as death itself. He staggered to his feet, and, stumbling as he walked, set his face against the cold and cheerless sky once more. The pulling at his heart-strings seemed to draw him steadily in one certain direction; he traversed acres of field and pasture-land blind and insensible to every thing save this mysterious guide. In his weak and exhausted state, his spiritual perceptions were doubtless less encumbered than when he was in full possession of his strength. So he was drawn undeviatingly on and on, until, unexpectedly, he found himself in a road again. Then he recognized that it was Sophie's spirit which had rescued him from death and failure. He had unconsciously made the short cut across the fields, which he had noticed and decided not to at-

tempt when examining the map. He had saved five miles in distance, equal to fully an hour in time. The thought inspired him anew, and gave him further strength. With such divine encouragement, he could falter and hesitate no more.

Morning began to break dully over the sullen clouds as he resumed in earnest his weary journey. Each yard of ground passed was now a battle gained—every breath drawn a sobbing groan. Hills and dales rose successively before him, clothed in the dead-white snow that had become a nightmare to his darkening sight. He reeled sometimes as he walked, dizzy from lack of sleep; a thousand fantastic fancies flitted through his hot brain; a deadly lethargy began once more to creep over his senses, but he gnawed the flesh of his lips to keep back consciousness. And still, when will grew powerless, he felt the mysterious strain upon his heart.

Only ten miles more! But they seemed by far the longer part of the whole way. He was now within the range of his walks while living at the boarding-house, and could see in his mind every slope and ascent, every curve and angle, that lay between him and the Parsonage-door; and he felt the weight of every hill upon his shoulders. At the risk of falling, he stooped, snatched a handful of snow, and put it inside his cap, so that it lay, cold and refreshing, upon his brain. Then he took a handful in either hand, and so kept on.

The minutes grew into hours; the hours seemed to become days; but there, at last, the well-known village lay! How reposeful and unconcerned the houses looked, as if there were no such thing in the world as effort, despair, or victory! As he came near, Bressant tried to nerve himself, to walk erect and steady, to clear and concentrate his swimming sight and confused head. He dreaded to meet the village people, to have them come staring and questioning about him, whispering and laughing among themselves, and asking one another what was the matter with the man who was engaged to the minister's daughter on this his wedding morning. Just then he felt a gentle pulling at his heart!

Presently he was in the village. There was a disjointed vision of faces, some of which he knew, floating around him. Once in a while he caught the sound of a voice through the humming in his ears. Were they offering him assistance? warning him? calling to him? He knew not, nor cared. He passed on, feebly, but desperately. He saw the clock on the church-steeple mark half-past eleven; still in time, thank God! but no time to lose.

How well he knew the road, over which he was now groping his staggering and uncertain way! In how many moods he had walked it, actuated by how many different passions and impulses! And now he was as one dead, whose body is dragged strangely onward by some invincibly-determined will. A great fear suddenly seized upon him that here, upon this very last mile of all the weary ones he had trod since the previous nightfall, he was going to sink down and give up his life and his attempt at the same moment. Oh! Heaven help him to the end! O Sophie, let not the tender strain upon his heart relax!

For nothing less than that can save him now! His eyes see no longer; his feet stumble in ignorance; he sleeps, and dreams of events which happened—was it long ago?—upon this road. Here he met and talked with Cornelia, that autumn day. Back there, they paused on the brow of the hill, one moonlight night, was that so long ago, too? Here, some time in the past, he had found a lifeless body in the snow, clad in a bridal dress; here he had caught a runaway horse by the head, and—

He fell headlong to the ground. The shock partly awoke him. He struggled up to his knees—was there any one assisting him?—another struggle—he was on his feet. Right before him lay the house—the old Parsonage; there were the gate, the path, the porch. He made a final effort—it forced a deadly sweat from his forehead—and still there was a vague sense of being supported and directed by some one—he could not stop to see or question who; but, had it not been for that support, he must have failed. The gate opened, with its old creak and rattle, before him; a hand he saw not held it till he passed through.

Now, at the moment when he had fallen in the road, of the three who had all along been awaiting him within—of those three, two only were left. But so quietly had the third departed, the others perceived not that she was gone. The features, which remained, wore an expression of angelic happiness. It was as she had wished.

At the same moment, too, through a rift in the dull sky, a little gleam of sunshine—the first of that gray day—descended, and rested upon Bressant. It accompanied him to the gate, and, still keeping close to him, slipped up the path between the trees, and even followed him on to the porch, where it brightened about him, as he put his hand to the latch. Was it a symbol of some loving spirit, newly set free from its mortal body, come to watch over him forever more?

An old woman, who stood without, clutching the palings of the gate, saw Bressant open the door and pass inward, and the sunshine entered with him. The door was left ajar: might not she enter too? Just then, a little ormolu-clock, on the mantel-piece inside, gave a preliminary whirr, and hastily struck the hour of noon. As if in answer to a signal, the sun smiled broadly forth, and quite transfigured the weather-beaten old Parsonage.

THE END.

A STREET BALLAD-SINGER.

DUBLIN has ever been noted for her ballad-singers and her song-venders. And, though these lyrical mendicants have, at this day, disappeared in a measure from the business marts and thoroughfares, they are still, in comparatively smaller numbers, to be seen and heard in the less-frequented by-ways of "Dublin's famous city." They charm the visitor and tourist by their uncouth simplicity and rich originality; and their efforts to extort money from the benevolent are always crowned with success. The most

famous of these gentry will be remembered by the traveller prior to 1846. He was a tall, erect blind man, quaint and curious in his speech, with a rare fund of humor under perfect control, and a matchless expression of grim good-nature forever on his countenance. His dress was a strange conglomeration of patches and rags, with a coat of Josephian tint, and his trousers seemed to lack sadly what Sydney Smith would term "a continuity of cloth and strength of seam." He was in rags and tatters, and it was a matter of much wonder how these same garments were ever taken off and put on again. He called himself Zozimus, and every morning he took his stand punctually at ten o'clock at the corner of Essex Bridge, and, after ringing his bell for a few minutes, began to chant his lays, as the eager crowd, joking and jostling, began to congregate about him. He was looked up to as the king of his profession by the lesser lights in the street-singing business, and he himself felt an honest pride in the position he assumed, and which was freely accorded him, as the chief ballad-singer of Ireland. Zozimus was the original composer of most, if not of all, the songs which he sang, and these productions were alike distinguished for freshness and vigor, and usually sparkled with true Irish wit. The "author" was seldom vulgar, and the poems were pretty generally of the political order. He took a lively interest in the Liberator's career, and O'Connell furnished many a key-note for his songs. When the celebrated agitator was elected mayor, Zozimus eclipsed himself, and walked about the streets from an early hour in the morning till past midnight, singing, until he was hoarse, a ballad which he composed in celebration of the event. Here are four verses, as nearly correct as could be obtained at the time, by a gentleman who took them down as the old bard sung them:

"Come all you boys and maidens,
I pray you hear my say:
Old Ireland's great O'Connell
Is Dublin's mayor to-day.

We'll make him lord of Dublin,
We'll crown him Ireland's king;
Let's raise our voice in joyous strain,
And in his honor sing.

For years he's struggled for us,
He's ever in the fight;
And, driving back the oppressor,
Boldly proclaims the right.

Then let us cheer, my hearties,
A cheer most hearty make,
For the noble Mayor of Dublin,
Who fought for Ireland's sake."

This song in its day had a great reputation, and the old fellow was frequently visited in the dead, silent hour of the night, in his crazy garret, by young and ardent enthusiasts, who reverently uncovered their heads at the old man's bedside, and listened to the half-articulate words as they fell from his lips. Old Zozimus had a kindly heart and a genial disposition, with considerable coarse learning withal. He had a turn for sacred subjects, and invariably introduced these pieces with a sort of prologue by way of explanation. The odd *asides* which he ever made to the assembled crowd were ludicrous in the extreme, and provocative of much mirth. His story of the finding of Moses in the bulrushes

was one of his most famous pieces. He usually began before singing this to wave his arms about, with a sort of solemn, half-weird incantation fervor, inquiring with each wave, "Is there a crowd about me now?" "Is there any blackguard heretic listenin' to me now?" "Are yez ready, me boys?" Having satisfied himself upon these points, he sang this opening verse, in a shrill, high key:

"Ye sons and daughters of Erin, attend,
Gather around poor Zozimus, your friend;
Listen, boys, until you hear
My charming song."

After this delivery, he would clear his voice, pause, and listen a moment, and then he would break out into a more musical attempt at melody, and chant a series of stanzas. Zozimus was a good type of the ancient ballad-singer of Ireland—a class of tramps fast passing away. It was to this class of people that the satirists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries used to repair, and the satires they wrote first reached the public ear through the street-singer. Many are the stories told of the Dean of St. Patrick's, who used to mysteriously issue out of dens and garrets at unseasonable hours in the night and early ones in the morning, after having spent the intervening time teaching "one of these same metre ballad-mongers" a new bit of satire; and often Swift laughed and joked over the trouble he had with his pupils, who would persist in getting things mixed up. And others, besides the author of a "Tale of a Tub," employed these wandering minstrels to give metrical utterance to their thoughts.

Zozimus lived in a narrow, crowded room, in a garret, and, though he outwardly professed contentment with his lot, his life must have been a hard one. He was almost totally blind, very poor, and oftentimes ill, and yet we never hear of him uttering a murmur against those ills which it was his lot to suffer. He sings almost gayly of his home. Thus chants the old Homeric beggar:

"Gather round me, boys, will ye
Gather round me?
And hear what I have got to say,
Before Old Sally brings me
My bread and jug of tea.
I live in Fiddle Alley,
Off Blackpits, near the Comb,
With my poor wife, called Old Sally,
In a narrow, dirty room."

In the latter part of the year 1845, Old Sally died, and her death was a sad blow to Zozimus. She was buried in the graveyard allotted to the poor, and often her husband used to visit this sacred spot, and lay himself down upon the green sward, and in low tones plaintively moan:

"Lay her gently down, dear Terrence,
Deep beneath loved Erin's sod;
Plant the shamrock, green, above her,
She has gone to meet her God.

"In an oaken tomb she slumbers,
Dear Old Sally lies at rest;
'Twas but yesterday I held her
Trembling head upon my breast."

There are more verses to this ballad, but I have forgotten them, and, as they were never published, it is difficult to obtain a true copy. Zozimus did not long survive his wife, for he died, utterly broken down in mind, in spirit, and in body, on Friday, April 3, 1846. A

priest who went to visit him, found the poet in a miserable room, lying on a straw pallet, and surrounded by a horde of ballad-singers, to whom he was teaching the doggerel that soon would be of no more use to him in this life.

"How are you, Mike?" said the priest.

"I'm dictatin'," was the concise but characteristic reply of the minstrel.

In accordance with the usual custom, he had a grand wake, and a lengthy funeral. So lived and died a prominent Irish character, one who was widely known in his day, and after whom a Dublin comic paper was named a few years ago. He was temperate in his habits, and eccentric in his movements.

NAMES AND NAME-GIVING.

THE theory and use of names is a subject which, even in this age of almost universal investigation, seems to have been strangely overlooked. Philologists have traced our own and kindred languages, through the various stages of development, back to the more simple forms in which they all existed in prehistoric times; while others, more venturesome, have formed plans based on the cries of animals and of children, and the thousand-and-one sounds in Nature, which illustrate, if they do not explain, their first origin. But thus far this has been merely a matter of research; and, though the manner in which names have arisen, and the phonetic changes that have taken place in them, can be stated with scientific exactness, still little or no practical application has been made of this knowledge. We accept, without a thought of objection, the forms or names we have received from our forefathers, forgetting that, in many cases, they have outgrown their usefulness, and, at the same time, lost the force and spirit they originally possessed. In this short sketch, the writer can only call attention to one of many instances of this decay, which, if not the most marked, seems likely, nevertheless, from its peculiar character, to give rise, as time passes, to greater incongruities than any of the rest.

Mr. Tylor, in a very able work, has given the name "survival" to a large class of cases, both physical and mental, in which a habit or an organism is found to exist long after the occasion for its use has disappeared. Numerous examples of this are found all the world over. "The toes which form a part of the embryonic structure of a young whale," is a popular and often-stated instance; while "the manner in which we cut and trim our clothes," is another, equally good, though not at first so obvious. It is to this class of "survivals" that the present custom of naming children rightly belongs. To it, also, might be added the usage, common to all scientific men, of giving a Latin or Greek name to any new natural discovery, whether it be a star of the third magnitude or the result of a chemical combination, and which has obtained since the time when all learned books were written in Latin and when Bacon dared not publish his greatest work in the vernacular. But it is the former of these to which we wish to

call attention, and we must therefore dismiss the latter with a bare statement.

The present custom of name-giving, as it applies to individuals, is so absurd in its character, and futile in its results, that, when once carefully considered, it seems strange that it can have continued so long. Born into the world in an utterly helpless and senseless condition, we are forthwith burdened by such names as it may suit the fancy, passion, or prejudice of our parents to give us, and, thus encumbered, start out on our life-journey. In this really serious business little attention is given to the individual who is to be benefited or wronged by this arbitrary procedure. Traits of character, physical peculiarities, and, indeed, all things which in the name would naturally suggest the name-bearer, are wholly ignored by these domestic tyrants. Perhaps there is a brief search made through the last pages in the dictionary, where three or four hundred names of more or less commonness are to be found; or it may be that the father is Puritanic, or the mother romantic, or there may be some sister, brother, or rich relation, to be flattered, and thus one, two, or three names are selected; and their influence—for they have an influence—is brought directly to bear in shaping the future character of their possessor. This, we are safe in saying, is the method adopted in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand. Not the slightest attention is given to the meaning which the words thus given may have. Indeed, to all but a very few they are wholly meaningless. To bring the matter down to a very simple basis, let any one look at the last pages of a common-school dictionary, as we have before suggested. Annexed to each of the Christian names of men and women given there, except in a few instances of derivatives, he will find a meaning which the word originally had in the language from which it was taken. The grains of signification which once filled these now dry husks expressed, as strongly as it is possible for verbal utterance to do, the love, praise, and devotion of those who bestowed them. The Hebrew mother who in joy over her first-born child called him the "Precious Gift of God," touched a chord which will wake a sympathetic thrill in the hearts of mothers through all time; but who will maintain that any but the most commonplace sentiments fill the minds of the thousands of mothers who, in this year of our Lord, shall christen their sons by the name of John? And so on through the list. Is Charles in the least indicative of a "Noble Spirit"? Is not George usually something other than a "Farmer"? Instead of being "Rich and Lordly," may not Henry be the poorest of men, both in mind and body, and his name be a constant satire upon his situation? Is Richard of necessity "Powerful"? Are there not many foolish Roberts, as well as those "Famous in Council"? Are Marys always "Rebellious," or Catherine "Pure"? In short, are not all these terms either empty sounds, or else possible libels on their bearers?

We trust that we have made clear our reason for styling the present manner of name-giving a "survival." All must admit that it is a custom of comparatively recent

date; but the evils growing out of it have become so common as to be looked upon as inseparable from our social system. Most persons will admit that if, even in the circle of their own households, a chair, a bookcase, a stove, and a bed, were all called by the same name, it would be productive of endless misunderstanding and annoyance; yet, when this rule is applied to the names of individuals, its weight is not recognized, though the fact that there are nearly a thousand John Smiths in New-York City, and a proportionate number in all other places where men are gathered together, should be forcible enough to prove that the worth of this name, even in its rudest sense, has been sadly dissipated. Few more sorrowful illustrations of a blind and perverse following after custom can be found than that furnished—we say it in all charity—by this great Smith family. Your neighbor Smith has a son, who, at the age of a week or two, can be deserving only of good-will; and yet statistics prove that there is a strong probability his father will name him John, or, if not that, some almost equally common name, and thus condemn him to forfeit, in part, his personality, which is as much his birthright as his hands or his feet are. In a country village this loss might not be a severe one, but in a large city the want of individuality would be almost as great as, in another sense, it is with the nuns in a convent or the prisoners at Sing Sing. And what we have said of the Smiths may be said in a minor degree of hundreds of other names, both Christian and family. Each one might number its claimants by armies, and each holder, or better, wearer, has, in sharing it with the multitude, given up more or less of its worth to him and to the world. Instead of increasing with the increase in population, our family names, either by death or marriage, are every year growing fewer in number. This could not be otherwise, as there are annually many subtractions, and few, if any, additions—proving that it is a logical conclusion that we have only to continue long enough in this way to be all of one name!

If there is one prejudice which custom keeps in force which is more absurd than the rest, it is that against changing names of great commonness for those of more restricted use. John Brown, at the solicitation, maybe, of the young lady he is about to marry, alters his ancestral name to the less usual one of Adolphus Fortescue; and from that time forward the name is rarely mentioned by those who know him without either covert or open sneers. Now, there may be good reasons and bad reasons for changing a name, and good taste as well as bad taste displayed in doing it, and we do not hold up the above instance as in every way worthy of imitation. Perhaps Brown's vanity was tickled by the lordly sound of Fortescue, or madam may have read a novel in which one so called acted the part of hero, and thus the motive prompting the change may have been a weak and silly one. Yet we do claim that the evil was but slight compared to the good done. Adolphus Fortescue, let him settle where he will, has some chance of maintaining his own little circle of personality, unbroken by conflicting claims. His letters will probably come to him; per-

sons wishing him will generally be able to find him, and there is little likelihood that he will be confounded at one and the same time with a bank president, a city alderman, a notorious pickpocket, and a horse-car conductor. There is another class of name-changing that would properly come under this head, and that is what is known as nicknames. It is, indeed, the revenge which independence takes upon custom. A girl is named Harriet, for instance, but her parents, her relatives, and her friends, always call her Hattie, or Hallie, or Harry. In fact, she may never hear her true name except when she is married or when a will is read. Now, in the name of common-sense, we would like to ask, which is her real name? Is it the ghostly fiction with which she is christened, or the one in actual use? Why, we have known mothers who purposely chose names for their daughters which would afford pleasant nicknames. And this further reminds us that we have read some time within the past year a furious article on the frivolity of parents in christening their daughters Lizzie, Ella, Lottie, etc., etc., instead of Elizabeth, Ellen, Charlotte, etc., etc. What would these grim conservatives have? Is it not enough that sense has become a thrall to the bidding of custom, and must we sacrifice euphony also?

We leave this point with regret, feeling that a volume might worthily be written on it, and turn to the next. Are names of any use in influencing character? It is quite certain that they were held so by our semi-savage forefathers, who gave their children names betokening what they wished them to be, and the same holds good in respect to the Romans, the Hebrews, and the Greeks, as it does with our American Indians at the present day. Then, too, there was the custom of giving an agnomen for great virtue or distinguished service, which acted in much the same way; for let a man once be termed "The Good," or "The Brave," and it was a force in prompting him to perfect himself in these particulars, the power of which cannot be over-estimated. But to come down to a more recent date: It was the habit of parents in New England and Old England, not two hundred years ago, to call their children by the cardinal virtues, Scriptural interjections, or even by entire verses of the Sacred Text. This usage, which has been the butt of much poor wit, while it had faults, had also to recommend it a broad foundation of sense, which our present system does not in any way possess. It might and it did foster cant and hypocrisy, it was often harsh and uncouth; but, having said this against it, we have said all. On the other hand, it gave to ordinary life, particularly in respect to the female portion of the family, a sanctity it has never since possessed. A woman who bore the name of Charity must have been almost inhuman to have been hard-hearted and severe; while what a barrier against temptation, what an incentive to virtue, must have been hers over whose cradle a fond mother had breathed the name Piety!

In spite of the restraints that modern life seeks to put upon us, there is something of this spirit in us still. A little girl whose bright eyes, golden hair, and happy laugh, are

the delight of the home circle, almost always receives some pet name, say, for example, "Sunny." When some one of the hundred daily troubles has changed this joyousness into discontent, it is curious to notice how soon this will be cast off and the darkness break into light, if some slight remark is made, such as, "The clouds have covered Sunny." It is the effect of a name, and the result is produced by the almost involuntary action of the will in seeking to approach as near as possible to its likeness.

OSBORNE HOWES, JR.

MAY DAYS.

O LOVE, the world is old—
Old and right weary too;
She has no tale left untold,
No song to sing that is new,
No sorrows that have not been,
And the service of no new sin;
But, though her bosom be cold,
And her fresh delights be few,
There is none that will not say
She is well blessed, having May!

May, that sweeps with her hand
The harp of the soft south breeze;
And lo! o'er the mellowed land
Surge the white blossom-seas,
And the foliage, faint till now,
Breaks richer from the bough—
May, at whose murmur bland
Birds throng, and the eager bees—
May, at whose laugh the skies
Look limpid as lovers' eyes.

What is quite like her smile,
So sunnily debonaire,
As she speeds to greet us, while
The hyacinth starts her hair,
And, Hebe-like, raises up
The tulip's dazzling cup,
Wherein 'tis her task to bear
Over many a meadowed mile,
That the world may be glad and sing,
This luscious nectar of spring?

O Love, can the world grow old
For a million years to come,
While the crocus hoards its gold
In such haleyon halidom?
O Love, the world must be gay,
So long as she hath one May!
For, though she ache with untold
Desires and yearnings dumb,
Though she suffer, sigh, regret,
She hath still the violet!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SCENES IN NORWAY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE mountain scenery of Norway is very little known, and yet in romantic beauty it often rivals the famed wonders of

Switzerland. Among its notable features are the singular bridges, frail, novel, and yet picturesque in character, with which the peasants of that region have spanned their dangerous mountain-torrents. We give three illustrations of these striking features in Norwegian landscapes. The first; called the Ridderspag, is two hundred and ten miles from the Dronningen, in the centre of the Dovell range. This range is traversed by a limpid stream, the Pesset, whose sources are in the land of the reindeer and the aurora borealis, and whose waters are as transparent and placid and blue as those of the rivulets of Upper Savoy. There is an ancient legend connected with this bridge. Two thousand years ago King Astalf reigned in that part of Scandinavia. He had a beautiful daughter, who eloped with a young prince of Finland, named Fenistin. Astalf pursued them, and overtook them on the mountainous banks of the Pesset River. And then Fenistin, taking Astalf's daughter in his arms, and praying to Odie for help and protection, spurred his noble charger across the chasm, and landed safely on the other side. Since that time the waters of the Pesset have been sacred to couples about to be married; and, at midnight on midsummer's-day, the young lovers will go there and drink from its limpid waters, offering at the same time a prayer to God, who they believe will bless their union.

Still more romantic, sombre, and picturesque is the Onendag Bridge, across the Fennep, the central view in our illustration. The Fennep has its sources likewise in the depths of the Lofodes, but it always remains a narrow mountain-torrent, and never acquires the breadth and majestic dignity of a regular river. Near Mogerig, a small village, the scenery becomes wild and terrible almost beyond description, and the furious waters of the Fennep dash down a precipice into the gorge with a thundering roar, which lends a still more terrible character to this forbidding yet wonderfully attractive landscape.

More pastoral and laughing in its aspect, yet exceedingly romantic, is the scene of the Kentesag Bridge, near the small Norwegian-borough of Bergen-ten-Dreen. This remarkably beautiful bridge spans the Dorkin River—a stream than which the finest Alpine landscapes of Switzerland have nothing lovelier. In its course of four hundred miles, it contains at least three hundred cascades. It is filled with the finest of trout, and, being of medicinal properties, its waters are sought for as exceedingly salubrious by the Norwegian peasantry far and near.

The Kentesag Bridge, too, has its legend; but it is an idyl rather than a tale of blood and horror. It is said that in its limpid waters once bathed King Bagehuld, who, though a gallant warrior, was too bashful, because he was lame, to ask one of the fair daughters of the land to become his wife. He bathed in the Dorkin, and vowed, if he should recover his health, and get married, he would build a bridge across the chasm. He did get well; true to his vow, he married, and he built the bridge, which is called Kenesag, meaning "The King's Vow."



SCENES IN NORWAY. .

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*:

New York, April 30, 1873.

THE cable has flashed to us the news of Macready's death. Permit one who knew him as a friend and a private gentleman to pay a tribute to his memory. The daily papers are sufficiently filled with the general outlines of his theatrical career.

I first heard of Macready in 1826, when he played *Hamlet* so beautifully that I remember people used to speak of him with enthusiasm. I first knew him in 1843, when he was a welcome guest in the families of my kindred and friends. This was on his second tour in the United States. Our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship; and when, during his third visit to this country, he was obliged to fly from the mob at the Astor-Place riot in 1849, and to quit this city before daylight on the following morning, my house in Boston was the place in which it occurred to him to seek refuge. There I found him at five o'clock in the afternoon of the day on which he left New York. He remained with me until he embarked for England.

Macready was originally destined for the Church; and had it not been for the change in his father's pecuniary circumstances, which occurred while he was at Rugby School, he would have passed from Rugby to Oxford, and, after leaving the university, would have taken orders. Had he done so, he must have risen to eminence in the Church. He was essentially of a scholarly turn, as well as of a sympathetic nature; and the same talents and gifts which enabled him to move men from the stage would have enabled him to move them from the pulpit. I have often thought that, if he had, as a clergyman, cultivated his remarkable vocal powers as he did

as an actor, the liturgy of the Church of England would have been rendered with an effect with which it has perhaps never been heard. But stern necessity obliged him to embrace a profession which he certainly never would have voluntarily chosen, and about which he always had the feeling to which Shakespeare himself gave utterance, in one of his sonnets:

"Oh, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide

tained and long occupied the very highest rank; yet I doubt if a stranger, meeting him casually in society and not knowing who he was, would have suspected that he was an actor, or even been able to conjecture to what profession or calling, if to any, he belonged. Few men can reach that cultivation of mind and manners and bearing that entirely obliterates the "shop," and makes it hard for the shrewdest observer to know whether he is in the company of a man who has a profession or of one who has none. Mr. Mac-

ready's culture was of that sort. He sustained his part in conversation, in any company, without leading it, or caring to have it led, to topics of the stage. Hence, he was received in all circles which he chose to enter, not as a great actor, but as a cultivated gentleman; not as a "lion," but as a delightful companion and a warm-hearted friend.

He was a proud and sensitive man; and some of the manifestations, or, rather, the workings, of his feeling about his profession, were singular. I should do a great wrong if I were to produce the impression that he was ashamed of it. On the contrary, having risen to the head of an art which he believed to be an intrinsically noble and elevated one, he was of too robust and manly a nature to be ashamed of his calling. But he never could quite forget that society — especially the com-



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

From a Steel Engraving published in London in 1843.

Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

To keep his name free from that brand—to prevent the subjugation of his nature to his work—was the unceasing effort of Macready's life, from his early youth. In this effort he succeeded. He was none the less of an actor because he was a gentleman; nor was he in one iota the less of a gentleman because he was an actor. In his art, he at-

plex and artificial society of his own land—has its prejudices against actors; and he could not always deny to himself that those prejudices have foundations. But it was his great merit that, while he felt these things keenly, he lifted himself by his personal character, by the purity of his life, and by what he did for the stage, above all personal harm from the unfavorable feeling toward his profession, and made it, in his own case, respected and honored.

Hence, he took pleasure, of the most genuine kind, in the recognition of his personal

claims by those who in common parlance were above him in social rank. An anecdote, which he told me himself, is a good illustration of what I am trying to express: Calling one day upon the late Marquis of Lansdowne, he found his lordship just ready to go out. He was received in the most cordial manner, and, when the visit was ended, Lord Lansdowne came out with him, and, taking his arm, walked with him through some of the most frequented streets of the West End, thus publicly manifesting his friendly regard. Macready spoke of this with honest pride. Yet he was no *tuft-hunter*. He valued such a mark of familiarity from a person of high rank, because he knew it to be a genuine tribute of respect for his character, from one whose respect was valuable. Had the nobleman himself been a man without the personal worth of Lord Lansdowne, Macready never would have crossed his threshold; or, if he had, he would never have told of the incident of an arm-in-arm walk through the streets.

Another anecdote, which will illustrate his independence of character, was also told me by himself, when I saw him at his own house in London, in 1850. He had shortly before been "commanded" down to Windsor, to play before the queen and the prince-consort, and had been requested to name the play and the actors and actresses whom he wished to have assist at the performance. This was in accordance with a custom of inviting the leading actor of the time to play before the court at Windsor, in the private theatre of the palace. Mr. Macready named the play and the ladies and gentlemen of the profession whom he would wish to have asked to take parts, but signified that, for himself, he should not expect the usual compensation. The compensation was rather a matter of form, being, I think, by the custom, only a few guineas. The officer of the household, whose duty it was to make the arrangements, was somewhat embarrassed by the terms on which alone Mr. Macready was willing to act at court. A correspondence ensued, but Macready was firm. He said that he should be happy to play at Windsor, out of respect for the head of the government, but he could not take pay for it. The point was yielded to him. He acted before the queen, but the usual *honorarium* was not offered to him. He was blamed for this as a piece of false pride, and some people attributed it to his supposed republican feelings. But, in conversation with me, he put it upon what he regarded as a true loyalty to the sovereign. If the exertions of an evening could contribute to the gratification of his sovereign and her court, and he was asked as a recognition of his professional standing, it was not an occasion on which he ought to be willing to be paid. It might be said, to be sure, if one were to debate the point, that his scruples seemed to put the sovereign under an obligation, and that he made a discrimination between himself and the other performers, when he should have complied with the custom, as they did. But I am not concerned to discuss the question—I am merely illustrating a character. Perhaps no one but an Englishman could decide such a point. One can fancy Dr. Johnson condemning it with some

tremendous expression of contempt. On the other hand, one can suppose that Coleridge or Wordsworth would have said that Macready was right.

The Astor-Place riot, which any mention of Macready must always recall, was the foulest stain ever inflicted on the good name of New York. It was an unprovoked, brutal outrage, utterly without excuse, and capable of being understood only upon one of two suppositions: either the leaders of the riot were ruffians *hired* to drive Macready from the stage, or they and the mob, being partisans and admirers of Forrest, were, without any other prompting than their own evil and absurd passions, carried away by a spontaneous impulse of what they considered *patriotism* (Heaven save the mark!), to prevent his supposed rival from being allowed to act in an American theatre. The distinction is not of importance enough to make a difference. Either way, it was resolved that Macready should not act in New York, because Forrest had been hissed in London. The *non sequitur* of this determination need not detain the reader. When did a mob ever reason? They, however, accomplished their object, although at a terrible cost. Macready's engagement in New York was broken up, at the expense of several lives. But I shall not repeat the dreary story, in its public details. Some private incidents, and the manner in which Macready felt about it, may be worth relating.

After struggling through the performance he left the theatre, in disguise, and, attended by a few friends, passed through the crowd to the house of Mr. Ruggles, on Union Square. His lodgings at this time were at the New-York Hotel, but it was not deemed prudent for him to go there. He remained at Mr. Ruggles's house until four o'clock in the morning, when he was driven in a wagon out to New Rochelle, by one of the gentlemen who had accompanied him from the theatre. Thence he took the train for Boston, and reached my house in the afternoon. Before the train left the station in Twenty-seventh Street, a body of "roughs" passed through it, scrutinizing the passengers. Had he been found, he would probably have been murdered, in a strange kind of revenge for the loss of life caused by the firing of the military upon the mob. On the following morning his servant arrived, with his baggage, which the man had the tact to bring away without observation. It included his very valuable theatrical wardrobe. In the course of that day, the mayor of Boston, who had been advised that Mr. Macready might be followed by some of the rioters, called upon me to say that, if he should choose to act in Boston, he, the mayor, would be responsible for the quiet of the city, with its whole civil and military *posse*. But, although he was urged by a great number of the principal citizens to accept a farewell engagement at one of the theatres, his feelings would not allow him to do so. He said that, having been the involuntary occasion for the shedding of blood—some of it innocent blood—a measure made necessary for the restoration of public order, he thought it would be unbecoming for him to appear again before an American audience; and that he wished to go out of the

country entirely unnoticed, save by his private friends, and in the most private manner. He even declined to dine out while he remained with me, which was a little more than a week. He did, however, allow me to invite about fifty people one evening, to hear him read Milton, whose text he rendered with a beauty and power that I have never heard equalled. It was the last time that his rich and varied elocution was heard on this side of the Atlantic.

It was a long time before he could get over the astonishment which the Astor-Place affair produced in him. He could not understand how it was possible for such a thing to occur in America, where he had always been accustomed to think personal rights were sacred. He had habitually a great regard for our country, whose institutions he liked, as he also comprehended them better than most Englishmen are apt to do. It gave him great pain, too, to remember that life had to be taken in suppressing a riot with which his name was in any way connected, and this pain could not be alleviated by the fact, which was unquestionably true, that the whole idea of his ever having acted an unfriendly part toward Mr. Forrest was the idlest and most baseless of fictions. He had treated Forrest with magnanimous and graceful kindness when he came to London, giving him a dinner at his own house, to which he invited distinguished persons, to whose society the American actor could not have had access but in some such way; and, if I am not wrong in my recollection, he even made up a party of such persons in a conspicuous box at one of Forrest's performances. If our actor was, in fact, *hissed* by the pit of London, or by any other part of the house, Macready was no more responsible for it than I could have been. At the same time, it may have been quite true, as one of your contemporaries, the *World*, has this morning said, that a London audience, accustomed to enjoy Macready's acting, could not admire Mr. Forrest's. But why it should have been imagined that the English actor had done or said any thing to prevent the American's success in England, was the strangest part of this most silly business. Properly speaking, there could be no rivalry between them. Their schools and styles of acting were as wide asunder as the poles. The one was all study and polish, penetrating and portraying the character with a scholarly metaphysical insight into the delicate shades of the poet's meaning. The other was a strong, muscular, passionate delineator of the coarser outlines of the nature which he undertook to set forth. Between two such actors there could be no comparison and no competition. Neither of them could gain the laurels that were within the reach of the other. One of them played for an intellectual and cultivated audience; the other for an audience of a very different kind. But, strange to say, the foolish impression went abroad through certain classes in this country, that the English tragedian was jealous of the American, and had tried to obstruct his success in London. Hence, the Astor-Place outrage; concerning which, I never heard that Mr. Forrest, to his dying day, either publicly or privately ever ex-

pressed his indignation or regret. No such expression, I am sure, ever reached Mr. Macready from him directly or indirectly. If any one is now able to say that Mr. Forrest did, upon any occasion, disapprove or lament that occurrence, I hope the evidence will be forthcoming.

I found Macready, in the spring of 1850, living in a very pleasant house, filled with interesting works of art, and situated in the Regent's Park. Mrs. Macready—I speak of his first wife—was a lady of very sweet manners, and much intelligence and cultivation. Their children were such young persons as the children of such parents were likely to be—well educated, and bearing about them unmistakable proofs of the care with which both sons and daughters had been kept from the "evil communications" that "corrupt good manners." Some idea of Mr. Macready's domestic character, and of the manner in which he watched over the education of his children, may be found from his dedication to them of a special edition of Pope's works, which he arranged and privately printed for their use on the eve of his departure for this country in 1848.* No apology need be made to your readers for quoting it entire:

TO MY CHILDREN.

With the desire of leaving you a parting token of affection, better worth your grateful remembrance than the ordinary memorials of leave-taking, I have urged forward the production of this volume more hastily than I otherwise should have done, which will account for, and in part excuse, whatever may appear objectionable in the imperfect execution of my design.

In watching over and assisting in your education it has been my constant aim to induce and cultivate in your minds an intimate acquaintance with the works of the greatest authors, and thus insure you that enjoyment and love of them which, while it refines, enlarges, and exalts your intellectual powers, will add abundantly to the best pleasures of your existence. But among our first and most highly-gifted writers, how few there are on whom the rare encomium can be passed, that he has left "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot!" Frequently in reading to you from the pages of poets who preceded Pope, and those of Pope himself, I have been obliged to subject them to previous scrutiny and a severe censorship, in order to avoid giving utterance to passages which, if comprehended, would shock the delicacy of an uncorrupted taste without imparting any benefit to the understanding.

The precept I have most earnestly sought to impress upon you all, and which I would desire you ever to bear in mind, is on no account to pass by in your studies the most trifling sentence, or even one single word, until you had gained by your own research, or through others' information, a clear and distinct idea of its meaning; and at the same time my fondest wish has been that I should always be able to think of you as among those "whose hearts," to quote our own Wordsworth's lofty verse,

"—the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure."

I could not, I regret to say, compatibly with such a wish and the enforcement of such an injunction as that I have laid upon you, place in your hands an ordinary edition of this charming poet's works for your meditation and improvement.

You are not to suppose that, in taking partial exceptions, I join in the cry of those who would detract from the high qualities of Pope as a poet or a man. The uniformity of his con-

duct in the several relations of son, benefactor, and friend, justify the eulogy of Thomson—

"Though not more sweetly his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song;"

and if we are called upon to notice his oversensitiveness to the abuse flung on him by the envy of unworthy and incapable writers, and (what I cannot but lament, although we owe to it the wit and satire of the "Dunciad") his weakness in resenting it, there is no very great stretch of indulgence required to make allowance for such human failings on the plea of his unhappy, sickly constitution and the deformity of his person.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, when Pope once fell asleep after dinner in his company, rebuked the officious disquiet of the guests with the observation, "We should respect the infirmities of such a man as Mr. Pope." We, who owe so much to his genius, may well adopt the language of his polite apologist.

In the foremost rank of those who have enriched our literature, his name will always stand conspicuous. For exquisite fancy and refined wit, accompanied with peculiar felicity of diction, and a versification the most melodious under the regulation of a judgment scrupulously severe, he is without a rival. I cannot concur in the doubt, which some have entertained, of the vigor and loftiness of his imagination, believing in his own assertion that he voluntarily "stooped to truth, and moralized his song."

Our language is largely indebted to him; and they who can carry his precepts into faithful practice must surely acknowledge deep obligation to him as a moral teacher.

Would it not, then, be strange if I did not seek to make you all familiarly conversant with the thoughts of such a writer? At the same time I would restrict your knowledge of him, as of all other authors, to such of their works, or portions of their works, as are really *worth your knowing*. I have expunged nothing in this collection—not one word that could tend to instruct or amuse you—not one single thought that any real lover of poetry, any one of those finer spirits, that "glow as they read," would wish to have restored for the edification and refinement of their own or their children's taste. The occasional indelicacy and coarseness into which Pope has—not to be admitted rarely—been betrayed, arose less from the bent of his own disposition, which had in it so much of what was tender, delicate, and beautiful, than from the tone of the age in which he lived. Swift could not have published in our day what was popular above a hundred years ago; and even the writings of later times—of Sterne, of Smollett, etc.—would require a strong correcting hand before they could be considered fit to meet the eye, and engage the thoughts of the innocent and young of the present time. But let us not, therefore, cast hasty and indiscriminate blame on our predecessors. *"L'imperfection de nos pères, loin d'être une règle pour nous, n'est qu'un avertissement de faire ce qu'ils feraient, s'ils étaient en notre place avec nos lumières."*

To prepare for you such a collection of the works of Pope as would enable you to become familiar with his excellences, without any uneasy interruption to the free current of your thoughts in their perusal, has been, in the midst of oppressive occupations, a labor of love to me; and, as I think there is no legacy a parent can bequeath his family so rich in value as the means of acquiring wisdom, I have peculiar pleasure in inscribing to you, my children, and in commending to your careful study, this edition of Pope's poetical works as an aid to your progress in that first duty of your lives—self-improvement.

W. C. M.

5 CLARENCE TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK,
August 24, 1848.

It would scarcely be imagined, by one who should read this fine and scholarlike piece of writing in ignorance of its author's history, that he had been all his life a laborious actor, and at times a theatrical manager.

There is, perhaps, no profession that is so crowded with "oppressive occupations" as that of the stage, after eminence has been reached. From the age of seventeen, Ma-

cready was a hard worker in this most exacting and toilsome of callings; and so sensitive was he to every thing involved in the exhibition of a play, that, whether it was put upon the stage under his own management, or that of any one else, he could not help giving his personal attention to all the details. Add to this the severe studies of a man who never acted without the deepest study of his author, and then estimate how much time he could have had for general literary culture. Yet, although deprived of the advantages of a university education, he caught the spirit of scholarship at Rugby; he kept up his acquaintance with the Latin classics, at least, and in both English and French literature he was more than what is commonly considered a well-read man. His poetical tastes, as his fondness for Pope would indicate, were formed before the later schools were in vogue; but he did not the less know and appreciate all the later writers. He was one of the few who, with Talfourd, admired Wordsworth's poetry before it was the fashion to admire it, and who therefore anticipated the tardy verdict of the age. Bulwer, Talfourd, Landor, Kenyon, Dickens, Carlyle, and Forster, were among the friends of his riper years. The last is the person from whom we may perhaps expect some memoir of a man who was singularly beloved by his intimates, and whose personal character and history should not be allowed to rest upon the generalities of obituary columns.

It was long expected in England, by some persons, that Macready would receive the honor of knighthood. If there is any meaning in such distinctions, it was asked, why should they not be conferred upon a great actor, whose reputation is a national possession, as well as upon distinguished lawyers, surgeons, men of science, etc., etc.? The question is not easily answered, I apprehend, even upon English principles. The order of knighthood is the only distinction that can be conferred by the crown upon men who have risen to eminence in any department, and who do not possess a fortune sufficient to accompany an inheritable title. To us, such things appear to be very small gewgaws. But as English society is constituted, and as the crown in such matters is the organ of a national recognition of personal merit and distinction, however a republican or any other philosophy may regard such honors, they have their value. It was supposed that the present reign was sufficiently freed from ancient prejudices to get out of the ruts of precedent in the case of one who had done so much to make the theatrical profession respectable, and in whose hands the influences of the theatre became all that enlightened statesmen or moralists can desire them to be. But it did not prove so. Whether it was ever proposed among any ministry, liberal or conservative, to bestow upon Macready any mark of the royal favor, I never heard. But I am glad, upon the whole, that the offer was not made to him, for I am not certain how he would have treated it. Doubtless he would have felt it to be a kind of duty to let the profession which he had adorned be raised in social estimation. But, knowing him as I did, I think he would have had a struggle

* It was afterward published by Bradbury and Evans, of London, with the title, "The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Revised and arranged expressly for the Use of Young People, by William Charles Macready."

with his pride, for he would have been unwilling to have it believed that he coveted the mere bawble of being called Sir William, and of having his wife called Lady Macready. He never was presented at court, probably because he never would ask to be.

And, now that his long, distinguished, and spotless life has ended, it may be said of him that he closes the line of great English actors, with a fame unsullied by a single recollection that his country or his friends would wish to blot.

G. T. C.

THE COURT OF YOUR OWN SIDE.

WITHIN our hearts a secret tribunal holds eternal session. The senses give evidence; prejudice and passion plead; the solitary I, hidden in each individual, renders the verdict; the verdict as to why Angelina continues that intimacy so distasteful to you; what Maria intended when she said "But how is it possible to live in harmony with certain people;" as to why the Money-pennies are not as fond of you as of the Fitz-Eustaces; as to why the Rev. Leon has grown stout and earthly; as to why Miss Moss, in her circumstances, wears that green silk; as to why Lucy visits the sick sister of the handsome major (out of Ollendorff); as to why your husband is so obstinately silent about his business with the widow Eustis; as to why your wife shows a peculiar irritability under certain jokes of yours, etc., etc.

On these and kindred topics, judgment is swiftly, silently, and constantly rendered with unhesitating decision. No verdicts are more final, no ruling more arbitrary, than that of this "court of your own side," although these decisions would not only the life of the judge, but, as far as his influence extends, the lives with which he comes in contact, and through them may reach to children yet unborn, to men and women he has never seen, in countries he has never visited; and yet, surely, no verdicts are more fallible.

Because they are rendered chiefly on the evidence of our own senses, or of those of others; and, though the senses have contrived to set up a character for veracity, Heaven knows how, so that we say, "what we see with our own eyes, and hear with our own ears, we can believe," this evidence is very imperfect. As, for example, sitting quietly in a railway-car, our vigilant senses are unable to determine whether it was our train or the parallel train that started with the shriek of the engine, till our reason makes us observe that, with all the rumble and roar, we have not advanced an inch; or that unphilosophical assertion made daily by our senses that the sun rises and sets; or that phase in the lives of some artists, where the yellowish discoloration of the lens of the eye, that comes with advancing years, is greater than the average, and the painter changes his style, telling you that his purplish-red people, in impossible gowns, are improvements on his color; his earlier pictures were too brown, simply because he paints what he sees, as his senses represent it to

him. Or in cases of nervous irritation or disease, where they treat one to a chime of bells, the roar of a cataract, the buzz of a mill; to troops of fantastic figures, to a constant companion in the shape of an old woman, or a large, black dog; to ghostly apparitions, to a new revelation of astronomy, to a succession of brilliant lights, all of their own manufacture, without foundation in outside sounds or appearances. In what other court would you accept the testimony of a witness constitutionally so inaccurate and so liable to misconceptions? Besides, how continually are the senses beguiled by fear and by imagination; as when the gray donkey, seen in the twilight, has all the horrors of a sheeted spectre; or the hunter experiences the symptoms of poison when the rattlesnake has not struck him, but his wallet! And how often must they be deceived by that moral equivocation to be found in the most familiar appearances; as in that verdict, in which you settled it that the beautiful lady you had never seen before, leaning so fondly on Captain Brennan's arm, was his wife! The affection and great familiarity of the pair left no doubt; which, coming to the ears of his betrothed, there was a broken engagement, a mad marriage from pique on her part, and children born of a loveless union going out into the world to reproduce the doubts and strife of their home-existence—on his part, a melancholy, misanthropic man of pleasure, blighting whatever he touched; the unhappy impulse given these two lives spreading out in wider and wider circles, and all the time the supposed wife was his beautiful mother, reputed the youngest woman in appearance, for her years, in the States.

Or in that verdict about the Rev. Leon, who, from a pallid spirituality of look, grew stout and florid; in which Miss Carpe lost her faith in him, as a man who was growing sensual and earthly, and thereby set the heaven of discontent in his congregation, which fermented, no one knew exactly how, till the Rev. Leon felt it his duty to resign, whereby the church lost the pastor it needed, and the pastor learned a bitter lesson of distrust, and many hardships befell the Rev. Mrs. Leon and the little Leons, while the explanation laid in a nutshell. Much smoking made him pallid and nervous. Commanded to abandon it by his physician, he renounced the sensual indulgence at no small cost to himself, and regained thereby his healthful appearance. Therefore, while a slave to an appetite, he was adored as spiritual; having conquered it, he was decried as sensual. And to these might be added a hundred instances, but time and patience would fail to recount only a few of the many varieties of this familiar equivocation to which we are the constant and natural victims.

Of as much weight in our analysis is that tyranny of prejudice in the individual judging, that acts as perceptibly on his vision and hearing as Turner's discolored lens on his pictures. Witness the many who will tell you that they are unable to discover beauty in persons they dislike, and *vice versa*. That is, alabaster whiteness, clear brune tints, peach-bloom, dark, limpid eyes, pouting lips, fine hair, fine carriage, grace, ghostly hues, ir-

regular outlines and awkwardness, all actually represent nothing, are null and void when seen through a prejudice for or against a person. Many others are equally unable to credit a good action or a fine impulse to a displeasing character. So that the man with whom you have a lawsuit, when he rescues a woman or a child, is only in your eyes a man desirous of notoriety. The obnoxious neighbor, who scarcely recognizes your existence, watches by the sick and dying beds of the poor to gain votes for her husband or influence in the church; and your cousin, who won the estate from you, *knew* that he was battling in an unjust cause, and is incapable of truth. Many more are unable to draw a circle of which they are not the centre. You detest peas, and like strawberries; your sister likes peas, and strawberries give her the colic. And you are never able to consider her eagerness for peas as any thing but a depraved taste. A public teacher offers to your mind what stands to it as peas do to your stomach; other minds receive him gladly. You are unable to believe that he and his admirers are not bores, fools, or hypocrites. Your wife lives on Beethoven; you are a bibliophile. In your mind she is ridiculous and affected; in her mind you are a musty lunatic. You are a man of business; your son is devoted to social science. You find it impossible to think of him as of any use to the world; and he considers you insensible to any thing but arithmetic. Yet how much are any of these cramped and one-sided judgments worth?

There is also to be weighed that curious inhospitality of the human mind shown toward new ideas. Galen's theory required that holes of communication should be seen in the human heart, and seen they were for fourteen hundred years, till Vesalius, amid a horrible outcry, had the audacity to declare that he could not find them. It was evident enough, in 1816, that the means of communication between Liverpool and Manchester were insufficient, Manchester standing idle at times for the want of the cotton with which the docks of Liverpool were groaning; yet the mind of 1816 clung fondly to the system of inconveniences, and ridiculed Stephenson; and, in 1824, some of the best mechanics in the country were found to declare his projects for iron railways and locomotives "the most absurd that ever emanated from the brain of man." Proofs and facts, with new names, could find no entrance anywhere. All evidence makes Sanscrit of an antiquity beside which that of Greek and Latin is contemptible. But its discovery aimed a blow at pet philosophies of the day, and such a man as Dugald Stewart wrote to prove that Sanscrit was an imposition, compounded by those liars the Bramins, after a Grecian model. And, indeed, it has been well said that, "if London could be lighted like the city in the fairy tale—by a single diamond, which rendered it lighter at midnight than at mid-day, it would require at least ten years to smooth away prejudice and conciliate self-interest, so as to admit of the display of the illuminating gem."

It appears, then, that our senses in the beginning are imperfect; that they are con-

fused by our inability to discern the true relations of what we see and hear; that they are held in bondage by prejudice, which is constantly mistaking diamonds for glass, and glass for diamonds; and that they are forbidden to report, or refused belief, when their report runs counter to the previous beliefs of the intolerant "I," their master. Not a statement of theirs that should not be received with caution, weighed, and sifted, and yet this imperfect and crippled evidence becomes reliable, and justifies the general confidence in it, by comparison with the utter inaccuracy of gossip, hearsay, conversations, tradition, our only other methods of collecting evidence. That dignified old gossip, History, how often has she been hoodwinked, and written at the dictation of vulgar errors? How many eminent persons, of whom she had finally disposed, are now on trial before us, with a fresh batch of witnesses producing evidence never till now unearthed? It is a positive grievance, the way in which we are made to shake hands with the stock villain, whose infamy we learned to detest at school, and to turn our backs on our pet heroes, heroines, and martyrs. The reader gets a dreary, out-in-the-cold feeling, driven out of his hoariest and most revered beliefs, by the policeman-like advance of the age, with its eternal "Move on!" Juggernaut, the merciless Juggernaut of Sunday-school days, smiling, well pleased at the devotees crushed under his ponderous car, is not. A mild-mannered deity reigns in his stead, to whom blood is so peculiarly repugnant that the accidental killing of any person in his temple would immediately stop the sacred rites in his honor! and that car, that has done such yeoman's service, thundering allegorically over the devotees of gin, fashion, and fanaticism, is lost to literature forever! The Colossus of Rhodes, on whom we pinned our infant faith, was not a striding statue, was never placed in the Rhodian port, and vessels could not have sailed under it. Cleopatra never dissolved the pearls in a health to Antony, and no doubt she was never bitten by an asp, but died ingloriously of measles; and the man is already born who will unearth the documents to prove it! And William Tell! How can we spare him and the apple? Yet he is gone—to romance. And Mary Stuart! What are the facts about the Stuart-Darnley-Bothwell letters? and, with your present opinions, how would you like an intimate acquaintance with bluff King Hal, good Queen Bess, the magnificent Louis Quatorze, or the beloved Stuarts, for whom so many thousand romantically died? Who invented those fine phrases with which generals never cheered on a charge, and heroes never died? And what is to become of our kings, and queens, and great people, and facts, if they are continually to be taken down and dusted, and changed about from shelf to shelf, and relabelled in this manner? How are we to keep them whole? What are we to believe? Yet this is history. And since such is history, what must gossip and hearsay be? How many people see a thing as it is, and understand just what was intended? How many repeaters, repeating again, and losing here and there a word, do not unconsciously fill

the gap with words or impressions of their own? How many repetitions are necessary before the story is thus grafted with details unknown to the original, by agents each sure that he has told the tale just as he heard it? Sift the gossip in one small village, about what the minister said of a leading parishoner, and why his wife never attended the Dorcas! About the doctor, and what he thought of Mrs. Sparrowgrass's case; and whether he did or did not shake his head over Modge, and what he intended by it! About why Will Leavitt started business in New York, and to whom he was engaged, and how people knew it! About what Miss Pym said of you; and what relation you hold to the stranger who has twice been seen in your pew; and how you feel toward your poor neighbors; and what you are thinking of when you kneel down in church! Sift out the misconceptions, mistakes of eyes and ears, stupidity, ignorance, exaggeration, and prejudice of the truthful people, beginning with yourself, and the malice of the wilfully false, and how much will remain? Not because your village is the most malicious in America, but because of the rashness of human nature, constantly urging us to a verdict on matters that cannot properly be judged at all.

Why, then, judge where there is such an evident hopelessness of ever reaching a righteous judgment? Every man or woman is a little world, holding relations to the past and present that would require a lifetime for proper analysis. The life, belief, traits, and manners of his ancestors, of a past race, have their share in him, and are to be considered. The circumstances of his birth and education, the relations he has established with men and women, have their share in him. Laws of climate, food, of social standing, of trade, of occupation, have their share in him, and he is the result of all these varied influences. Other laws, manners, traits, conditions, have their share in you. He is a county in England, you are a province in Bengal. Your sacred things are his folly. The business of his life is your sport; his gods are not your gods; his thoughts are not your thoughts; your ignorance of each other is profound; your mutual contempt commensurate, as is natural, and has been since the world began. European civilization ranked that of India as barbarism, till forced into a better acquaintance with it. Reason why: the Indian was darker, wore trousers and shawls, instead of frock-coat and neckcloth, salaamed instead of nodding, ate rice instead of roast-beef, and worshipped the gods of the Veda instead of those of the multiplication-table. And what contempt can equal that of the Chinese for the rest of the world of which he knows nothing!

Your neighbor's life and creed are not after your model. He is a bad man, a hypocrite, a nonentity; God and truth and light can have no part in him; you stone him with stones till he dies, and turn again to worship mammon and self-righteousness. He is of another social order from yourself—rough, bedaubed with clay or paint, begrimed with smoke; you pass him by as the Pharisees did the ignorant fishermen, whom Jesus chose for his apostles. He is a member of your own

order, whom you comprehend as the Inquisitor did Galileo, as the scientific world did Kepler; and you put him on the rack, freeze him with sneers, or starve him with your indifference. He is elevated above yourself, and lives to suit his conditions, not yours, and you consider him with the ridicule and the hatred that have greeted each successive reformer and inventor as lunatic or charlatan, always for the same reason; want of common standing-ground and comprehension. To take, again, an Indian example: there can hardly be two opinions in the European mind about a suttee; about a plaintiff who starves himself to death at the door of a judge who refuses him redress; about the philosopher who, being in haste to absorb himself in God, quietly steps into the Ganges! "Yet, let a man be once impressed with a belief that this life is but a prison, that it is a proof of courage and faith in God to burst out of it, and let these views be countenanced by a whole nation, sanctioned by priests, and hallowed by poets and tradition; and, however we may loathe such sacrifices and such suicides, we must confess that such rites in these men are not mere cruelty and brutality, but contain a belief in immortality, and an indifference to worldly pleasures, which, if directed in a different channel, might produce heroes and martyrs." Just so lives and conduct, however they may invite a decided judgment, presuppose conditions of which we must remain ignorant. We are as alien to souls as to strange countries; and, to comprehend either, there is needed a complete knowledge of the memories, hopes, fears, beliefs, desires, influences, and temperament of the one, as of the commerce, industries, climate, languages, and religion, of the other. How is that to be obtained, limited and crippled as we are? and if not obtained, of what use are the arbitrary judgments with which we confuse, pain, and poison our own lives and those about us? And who shall decide whether war, with its horrors and compensations, is as great an affliction as this unmixed evil, daily wrought in the secret sessions of millions of "courts of your own side?"

LOUISE E. FURNISS.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

THE MORAL BASIS.

LETTER TO A MORALIST WHO HAD SAID THAT THERE WAS A WANT OF MORAL FIBRE IN THE INTELLECTUAL, ESPECIALLY IN POETS AND ARTISTS.

YOU told me the other day that you believed the inducement to what I called intellectual living to be merely the love of pleasure—pleasure of a higher kind, no doubt, than that which we derive from wine, yet fairly comparable to it. You went on to say that you could not, from the moral point of view, discern any appreciable difference between intoxicating one's self by means of literature or art, and getting tipsy on port wine or brandy; that the reading of poetry, most especially, was clearly self-intoxication—a service of Venus and Bacchus, in which the

suggestions of artfully-ordered words were used as substitutes for the harem and the wine-flask. Completing the expression of this idea, you said that the excitement produced by oratory was exactly of the same nature as the excitement produced by gin, so that Mr. Bright and M. Gambetta—nay, even a gentleman so respectable as the late Lord Derby—belonged strictly to the same profession as the publicans, being dealers in stimulants, and no more. The habitual student was, in your view, nothing better than the helpless victim of unresisted appetite, to whom intellectual intoxication, having been at first a pleasure, had finally become a necessity. You added that any rational person who found himself sinking into such a deplorable condition as this, would have recourse to some severe discipline as a preservative—a discipline requiring close attention to common things, and rigorously excluding every variety of thought which could possibly be considered intellectual.

It is strictly true that the three intellectual pursuits—literature, science, and the fine arts—are all of them strong stimulants, and that men are attracted to them by the stimulus they give. But these occupations are morally much nearer to the common level of other occupations than you suppose. There is no doubt a certain intoxication in poetry and painting; but I have seen a tradesman find a fully equivalent intoxication in an addition of figures showing a delightful balance at his banker's. I have seen a young poet intoxicated with the love of poetry; but I have also seen a young mechanical genius on whom the sight of a locomotive acted exactly like a bottle of champagne. Every thing that is capable of exciting or moving man, every thing that fires him with enthusiasm, every thing that sustains his energies above the dead level of merely animal existence, may be compared, and not very untruly, to the action of generous wine. The two most powerful mental stimulants—since they overcome even the fear of death—are unquestionably religion and patriotism: ardent states of feeling both of them when they are genuine; yet this ardor has a great utility. It enables men to bear much, to perform much which would be beyond their natural force if it were not sustained by powerful mental stimulants. And so it is in the intellectual life. It is because its labors are so severe that its pleasures are so glorious. The Creator of intellectual man set him the most arduous tasks—tasks that required the utmost possible patience, courage, self-discipline, and which at the same time were for the most part, from their very nature, likely to receive only the most meagre and precarious pecuniary reward. Therefore, in order that so poor and weak a creature might execute its gigantic works with the energy necessary to their permanence, the labor itself was made intensely attractive and interesting to the few who were fitted for it by their constitution. Since their courage could not be maintained by any of the common motives which carry men through ordinary drudgery—since neither wealth nor worldly position was in their prospects, the drudgery they had to go through was to be rewarded by the triumphs of scientific discovery, by the felicities of artistic expression. A divine drunkenness was given to them for their encouragement, surpassing the gift of the grape.

But now that I have acknowledged, not ungratefully, the necessity of that noble excitement, which is the life of life, it is time for me to add that, in the daily labor of all intellectual workers, much has to be done which requires a robustness of the moral constitution beyond what you appear to be aware of. It is not long since the present Bishop of Exeter truly affirmed, in an address to a body of students, that if there were not wear-

iness in work, that work was not so thoroughgoing as it ought to be. "Of all work," the bishop said, "that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the very nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can really succeed in any walk of life without a good deal of what in ordinary English is called pluck. That is the condition of all work whatever, and it is the condition of all success. And there is nothing which so truly repays itself as this very perseverance against weariness."

You understand, no doubt, that there is drudgery in the work of a lawyer or an accountant, but you imagine that there is no drudgery in that of an artist, or author, or man of science. In these cases you fancy that there is nothing but a pleasant intoxication, like the puffing of tobacco or the sipping of claret after dinner. The bishop sees more accurately. He knows that "of all work that produces results nine-tenths must be drudgery." He makes no exceptions in favor of the arts and sciences; if he had made any such exceptions, they would have proved the absence of culture in himself. Real work of all descriptions, even including the composition of poetry (the most intoxicating of all human pursuits), contains drudgery in so large a proportion that considerable moral courage is necessary to carry it to a successful issue. Some of the most popular writers of verse have dreaded the labor of composition. Wordsworth shrank from it much more sensitively than he did from his prosaic labors as a distributor of stamps. He had that *horreur de la plume*, which is a frequent malady among literary men. But we feel, in reading Wordsworth, that composition was a serious toil to him—the drudgery is often visible. Let me take, then, the case of a writer of verse distinguished especially for fluency and ease—the lightest, gayest, apparently most thoughtless of modern minstrels—the author of "The Irish Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh." Moore said—I quote from memory, and may not give the precise words, but they were to this effect—that although the first shadowy imagining of a new poem was a delicious fool's paradise, the labor of actual composition was something altogether different. He did not, I believe, exactly use the word "drudgery," but his expression implied that there was painful drudgery in the work. When he began to write "Lalla Rookh" the task was any thing but easy to him. He said that he was "at all times a far more slow and painstaking workman than would ever be guessed from the result." For a long time after the conclusion of the agreement with Messrs. Longman, "though generally at work with a view to this task, he made but very little real progress in it." After many unsatisfactory attempts, finding that his subjects were so slow in kindling his own sympathies, he began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others. "Had this series of disheartening experiments been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair." He took the greatest pains in long and laboriously preparing himself by reading. "To form a storehouse, as it were, of illustrations purely Oriental, and so familiarize myself with its various treasures that, quick as fancy required the aid of fact in her spiritings, the memory was ready to furnish materials for the spell-work; such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies." After quoting some opinions favorable to the truth of his Oriental coloring, he says: "Whatever of vanity there may be in citing such tributes, they show, at least, of what great value, even in poetry, is that pro-

saic quality, industry, since it was in a slow and laborious collection of small facts that the first foundations of this fanciful romance were laid."

Other fine arts make equally large claims upon the industry of their professors. We see the charming result, which looks as if it were nothing but pleasure—the mere sensuous gratification of an appetite for melody or color; but no one ever eminently succeeded in music or painting without patient submission to a discipline far from attractive or entertaining. An idea was very prevalent among the upper classes in England, between twenty and thirty years ago, that art was not a serious pursuit, and that Frenchmen were too frivolous to apply themselves seriously to any thing. When, however, the different schools of art in Europe came to be exhibited together, the truth began to dawn upon people's minds that the French and Belgian schools of painting had a certain superiority over the rest—a superiority of quite a peculiar sort; and, when the critics applied themselves to discover the hidden causes of this generally-perceived superiority, they found out that it was due in great measure to the patient drudgery submitted to by those foreign artists in their youth. English painters who have attained distinction have gone through a like drudgery, if not in the public atelier, at least in secrecy and solitude. Mr. John Lewis, in reply to an application for a drawing to be reproduced by the autotype process, and published in the *Portfolio*, said that his sketches and studies were all in color, but if we liked to examine them we were welcome to select any thing that might be successfully photographed. Not being in London at the time, I charged an experienced friend to go and see if there was any thing that would answer our purpose. Soon afterward he wrote: "I have just been to see John Lewis, and have come away astounded." He had seen the vast foundations of private industry, on which the artist's public work had been erected—innumerable studies in color, wrought with the most perfect care and finish, and all for self-education merely, not for any direct reward in fame. We have all admired the extraordinary power of representation in the little pictures of Meissonier; that power was acquired by painting studies life-size for self-instruction, and the artist has sustained his knowledge by persistence in that practice. Mulready, between the conception of a new picture and the execution of it, used to give himself a special training for the intended work, by painting a study in color of every separate thing that was to form part of the composition. It is useless to go on multiplying these examples, since all great artists, without exception, have been distinguished for their firm faith in steady, well-directed labor. This faith was so strong in Reynolds that it limited his reasoning powers, and prevented him from assigning their due importance to the inborn natural gifts.

Not only in their preparations for work, but even in the work itself, do artists undergo drudgery. It is the peculiarity of their work that, more than any other human work, it displays whatever there may be in it of pleasure and felicity, putting the drudgery as much out of sight as possible; but all who know the secrets of the studio are aware of the ceaseless struggles against technical difficulty which are the price of the charms that pleasantly deceive us. The amateur tries to paint in water-color, and finds that the gradation of his sky will not come right; instead of being a sound gradation like that of the heavenly blue, it is all in spots and patches. Then he goes to some clever artist who seems to get the right thing with enviable ease. "Is my paper good? have my colors been properly ground?" The materials are sound enough, but the artist confesses one of the

discouraging little secrets of his craft. "The fact is," he says, "those spots that you complain of happen to all of us, and very troublesome they are, especially in dark tints; the only way is to remove them as patiently as we can, and it sometimes takes several days. If one or two of them remain in spite of us, we turn them into birds." In etching, the most famous practitioners get into messes with the treacherous chemistry of their acids, and need an invincible patience. Even Méryon was always very anxious when the time came for confiding his work to what he called the *traitresse liqueur*; and whenever I give a commission to an etcher, I am always expecting some such dispatch as the following: "Plate utterly ruined in the biting. Very sorry. Will begin another immediately." We know what a dreadful series of mishaps attended our fresco-painters at Westminster, and now even the promising water-glass process, in which Maclise trusted, shows the bloom of premature decay. The safest and best known of modern processes, simple oil-painting, has its own dangers also. The colors sink and alter; they lose their relative values; they lose their pearly purity, their glowing transparency—they turn to buff and black. The fine arts bristle all over with technical difficulties, and are, I will not say the best school of patience in the world, for many other pursuits are also very good schools of patience; but I will say, without much fear of contradiction from anybody acquainted with the subject, that the fine arts offer drudgery enough, and disappointment enough, to be a training both in patience and in humility.

In the labor of the line-engraver both these qualities are developed to the pitch of perfect heroism. He sits down to a great surface of steel or copper, and day by day, week after week, month after month, ploughs slowly his marvellous lines. Sometimes the picture before him is an agreeable companion; he is in sympathy with the painter; he enjoys every touch that he has to translate. But sometimes, on the contrary, he hates the picture, and engraves it as a professional duty. I happened to call upon a distinguished English engraver—a man of the greatest taste and knowledge, a refined and cultivated critic—and I found him seated at work before a thing which had nothing to do with fine art—a medley of ugly portraits of temperance celebrities on a platform. "Ah!" he said to me, sadly, "you see the dark side of our profession; fancy sitting down to a desk all day long for two years together with that thing to occupy your thoughts!" How much moral fibre was needed to carry to a successful issue so repulsive a task as that! You may answer that a stone-breaker on the road-side surpasses my line-engraver both in patience and in humility; but, whereas the sensitiveness of the stone-breaker has been deadened by his mode of life, the sensitiveness of the engraver has been continually fostered and increased. An ugly picture was torture to his cultivated eye, and he had to bear the torture all day long, like the pain of an irritating disease.

Still even the line-engraver has secret sources of entertainment to relieve the mortal tedium of his task-work. The picture may be hideous, but the engraver has hidden consolations in the exercise of his wonderful art. He can at least entertain himself with feats of interpretative skill, with the gentle treacheries of improving here and there upon the hatefulness of the intolerable original. He may congratulate himself, in the evening, that one more frightful hat or coat has been got rid of; that the tiresome task has been reduced by a space measurable in eighths of an inch. The heaviest work which shows progress is not without one element of cheerfulness.

There is a great deal of intellectual labor, undergone simply for discipline, which shows

no present result that is appreciable, and which therefore requires, in addition to patience and humility, one of the noblest of the moral virtues, faith. Of all the toils in which men engage, none are nobler in their origin or their aim than those by which they endeavor to become more wise. Pray observe that, whenever the desire for greater wisdom is earnest enough to sustain men in these high endeavors, there must be both humility and faith—the humility which acknowledges present insufficiency, the faith that relies upon the mysterious laws which govern our intellectual being. Be sure that there has been great moral strength in all who have come to intellectual greatness. During some brief moments of insight the mist has rolled away, and they have beheld, like a celestial city, the home of their highest aspirations; but the cloud has gathered round them again, and still in the gloom they have gone steadily forward, stumbling often, yet maintaining their unconquerable resolution. It is to this sublime persistence of the intellectual in other ages that the world owes the treasures which they won; it is by a like persistence that we may hope to hand them down, augmented, to the future. Their intellectual purposes did not weaken their moral nature, but exercised and exalted it. All that was best and highest in the imperfect moral nature of Giordano Bruno had its source in that noble passion for Philosophy, which made him declare that, for her sake, it was easy to endure labor and pain and exile, since he had found "in brevi labore diuturnam requiem, in levi dolore immensum gaudium, in angusto exilio patriam amplissimam."—"The Intellectual Life," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

BEYROUT.

It has often been to me a matter of surprise that, considering the number of persons who yearly seek the south of France or Italy for the benefit of their health, so few choose Syria as a winter residence. The climate, particularly of Beyrout, is superior to many places in Europe frequented by invalids; while, for those predisposed to pulmonary complaints, it affords advantages that can hardly be found elsewhere. Hyères has long enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent locality for persons suffering from bronchial affections; yet it is much exposed to the *mistral*, in consequence of the absence of protecting hills on the northwest, and, in winter, spring, and autumn, the cold north-easterly winds prevail to a considerable extent. Nice has enjoyed a still higher celebrity, although the inconstancy of the winds is very great—the temperature being subject to violent changes, which are extremely trying to delicate or nervous organizations. The invalid is tempted out-of-doors by a brilliant sun, and then attacked by a cold, piercing wind, that neither clothes nor flannel can keep out. Dr. Meryon, who passed a season at Nice, declares that "there are more natives who die of consumption in Nice than in any town in England of the same amount of population." Naples, although possessing many advantages, cannot boast much of its climate, which is exceedingly changeable during winter.* Cold, cutting winds prevail in the spring, while the *sirocco*, by its relapsing and paralyzing influence, renders persons incapable, during its continuance, of either mental or bodily exertion. Even Madeira, which has long been considered the paradise of invalids, is not so favorably situated as is popularly supposed. Drs. Heineken and Gourlay, who practised in the island, state that no dis-

ease was more common among the native population than consumption; and Dr. Mason says that "affections of the digestive organs are a frequent cause of death with the majority of the inhabitants, and there are few places where the system is more liable to general disorder." The climate of Beyrout, on the contrary, is always moderate, and subject to less change than any of those places I have named. Asthma, bronchitis, and pulmonary disorders, are unknown; the temperature is not subject to sudden vicissitudes of cold and heat; and the wind, from whatever quarter it may blow, never possesses any bleakness or ungenial chill. January and February are the only unpleasant months in the year, as then the heavy rains come on; but the air is always balmy, and the blue sky is seldom obscured for any considerable length of time. March and April are delightful months, as all Nature, refreshed by the showers, looks bright and cheerful; the "green herb and the emerald grass" are once more renewed, the cactus overhangs the roads with its clustering blossoms, and the orange-tree puts forth its chaste and simple flower, loading the air with perfume. May and June resemble our finest summer weather, while the climate in October, November, and December, is much like that of May in England. The months of July, August, and September, are very hot in Beyrout; but the vicinity of Mount Lebanon affords means of varying the temperature to any extent that may be desired.

The view of Beyrout, as the traveller approaches from the sea, is very fine. While still at a distance, the peaks of Mount Lebanon are seen in mid-air, surrounded by the bold outline of its undulating ridges. Gradually the outline becomes more and more distinct. Vast ravines are seen between the chasms that divide rock from rock, and huge masses loom forth like sudden creations out of chaos. Specks appear on the mountain-side that presently expand into hamlets and villages; while, on higher points, the towers of numerous monasteries stand aloft in bold relief against the sky. The mountainous surface of the interior slowly spreads out like a diorama, and, as the steamer holds her way, the scene seems to unfold itself as if by enchantment. The houses scattered over the plain gleam in the morning sun from amid their surrounding foliage, and the breeze from the shore comes laden with sweets from groves of citron and of orange. To the left, in the distance, is the snow-capped summit of Jebel-Sunnin; and, in front, Beyrout herself, charmingly situated on the slope of a hill, her head, as it were, in the clouds, her feet bathed by the sea.

The houses, with their slender arches and flat roofs, surmounted with embrasures of stone or balustrades of wood; the picturesque rocks along the shore; the white-mulberry gardens and orange and citron groves; the terraces filled with flowers; the palms towering toward the sky; the various and lively colors of the walls; the minarets of the mosques; the grand and noble mountain; the atmosphere serene and bright—all blend into a picture the most beautiful I ever beheld. In fact, there are but few places that can compete with Beyrout in the various inducements which it offers both to the traveller and the invalid. The country, too, all around is historical. There is scarcely a spot on which the foot treads, or over which the eye wanders, that is not rich in the brilliant memories of the past. Cyprus, on the one side, recalls the classic days of old when the lovely goddess arose out of the sea at Paphos; Tyre, on the other, awakens visions of princely orgies at anchor beneath marble palaces stretching to the water's edge. Farther on is Acre—before the mind's eye the red cross of the Crusader sinks beneath the crescent

* The 1st of December, 1870, at Naples, was like a day in July. On the 2d, a bitter cold north-east wind set in; during the night it froze hard, and on the 3d it snowed heavily.

of Salah-eddin. Opposite is Carmel, whose "flowery top perfumes the skies;" and six hours thence is Nazareth, Mount Tabor, and Genesareth. Twelve hours from Beyrout is Damascus the beautiful; Baalbek is but forty miles distant; the Druse and Maronite villages of Mount Lebanon are in the vicinity; a visit to the Cedars forms a pleasant excursion; while the Nahr-el-Kelb and cave of St. George are only an afternoon's ride.

Life and property are perfectly secure in Beyrout. Murder, robbery, and other crimes, so frequent in European cities, are nearly unknown, and a visitor might travel over all the surrounding country without the least danger of molestation. During my residence in Beyrout, I rented a small house, for the months of May and June, completely isolated on the borders of the Little Desert, and a considerable distance from any European habitation. My horse was picketed at night in the open air; my servant went home in the evening to his family, and I slept with much more security, probably, than I should have done, under similar circumstances, in the suburbs of London. I have often, too, ridden by moonlight, attended only by an Arab groom, from the Nahr-el-Kelb (Dog River) to Beyrout; and, at other times, from Beyrout to Beit-Miry, with certainly no fear, and decidedly more safety, than in many rural districts of England.

The society of Beyrout, although limited, is agreeable. The foreign residents are very hospitable, many of the married ladies having a special evening in each week for receptions. There are two principal hotels; one in the town, the other, some little distance on the shore, at Râs-el-Beyrout. The latter, although not comparable with English hotels, is exceedingly clean and comfortable. The terms are ten shillings per day, every thing, except wine, included. The house is beautifully situated, commanding an uninterrupted view of the sea; and, on the right, looking from the balcony toward Lebanon, over the town and St. George's Bay, there is a picture of surpassing loveliness which I have never seen exceeded. Rents at Beyrout vary from twenty-five to sixty pounds a year, and furniture of a plain description is easily procured. Servants' wages are—for a good cook, about two pounds, and a groom (Egyptians are the best), twenty-five shillings a month. A serviceable horse may be purchased for eight or twelve pounds, and, as barley is cheap, it can be kept for about two pounds per month. The necessities of life are all very moderate.

Those animals that minister to the wants of man are abundant, while carnivorous and destructive animals are rare. The goats are large, and yield milk of superior quality. The sheep attain an unusual size, and their tails, terminating in a ball of fat, become so heavy that they can hardly drag them along; their flesh is excellent. Fish and game are plentiful. Grouse, partridge, snipe, quail, and wild-duck, are abundant in the season. Vegetables of every description abound—beans, peas, lettuces, onions, melons, cucumbers, etc. The gardens are filled with the citron and orange. Aleppo sends the far-famed *pistachio* to market. Jaffa produces the delicious water-melon; Damascus—plums, cherries, peaches, and, above all, the apricot, called, by the Persians, the seed of the sun. In short, every thing is there in profusion to satisfy material wants, to soothe the senses and charm the imagination. In its ethereal atmosphere, mere existence becomes enjoyment, for you have only to live to be happy; only to open your eyes to behold the brightest sky and loveliest landscapes; only to stretch out your hand to pluck the sweetest and fairest flowers, and gather the most delicate and luscious fruits.

To the stranger, every thing in Beyrout contrasts remarkably with what he has been

accustomed to in England. The Maronite, Armenian, and Druse; the Turk, Greek, and Arab; the Bedouins, with their picturesque costume and wild, restless eyes; the novel pictures of Eastern life daily seen in the bazaars—all afford an ever-changing scene of amusement. In nothing, however, is the contrast greater than in the climate—November in London and November in Beyrout; from damp, and fog, and copper-colored stifling vapor to blue sky, clear atmosphere, and bright sunshine.

"If all were free,
Who would not, like the swallow, flit, and find
What season suited him? In summer heats
Wing northward; and in winter build his home
In sheltered valleys nearer to the sun."

Syria has manifold attractions; but, after all, her great charm is the sun. Until you visit the East, you can hardly say you have ever seen the sun; comparatively, there is but twilight elsewhere. In Syria, you see and feel it; your heart is, as it were, filled with it—it is reflected everywhere. All your sensations give token of the change; and every feeling, every thought, becomes brighter and gayer. The cares which may have hitherto beset you appear to be lifted from off your heart; you feel raised above the earth, and breathe, in reality, the air of heaven. There is no glare, for the sun shines with a soft and mellow light that makes the landscape look as if it calmly slept. No wonder the Parsees worshipped him.—"Modern Turkey," by J. Lewis Farley.

THE BRIDGE OF TIRI.

See ILLUSTRATION, page 704.

Now that war has been declared between the Khan of Khiva and Russia,* and that the latter power, according to the emphatic declarations of the official organ of the czar, the *St. Petersburg Gleaner*, will make a desperate effort to subjugate Khiva, so long the goal of Muscovite ambition, the celebrated bridge of Tiri, in that country, which has so often borne a conspicuous part in the terrible political convulsions of Central Asia, will undoubtedly become again the scene of a sanguinary and decisive struggle in the impending campaign. In effect, if the troops of the czar succeed in forcing a passage across the deep and rapid Baghrettee River at Tiri, Khiva is virtually at their mercy, and the complete subjugation of the country is only a question of time. For, after the Russian army of invasion has crossed the northern frontier of Khiva, it has to march for three or four days through a level and arid country, whose very configuration renders it wellnigh impossible for the forces of the khan to oppose any effective resistance to the invaders, who are well provided with light artillery, and accompanied by some of the best regiments of Cossacks.

But, at the end of that time, the Russians will reach the great Khivan mountain-chain, which surrounds the khanate like an immense wall, and through which access to the interior of the country is afforded only by the so-called Gorge of Kuet Vyl, that is to say, the Gorge of Death. Well does it deserve that sinister name; for through it to their death have passed hundreds of thousands of warriors since history has recorded the terrible struggles which, in the course of the centuries, have taken place in Central Asia.

This Gorge of Death, at its opening, is several hundred yards wide; but it narrows rapidly, and, at its outlet, is hardly broad enough for the egress of a heavy wagon. It is, as it were, the Thermopylæ of Khiva.

* At this writing it would seem as if the war between Russia and Khiva would speedily terminate, but this fact will not weaken the readers' interest in this remarkable bridge and its history.—*Ed. JOURNAL.*

va; and, when the invaders have penetrated thus far, there opens before them a landscape of truly sublime beauty. A river, of irregular width, but of transparent blue water, now rapid, now as smooth as a mirror, flows between rugged, rocky banks of the most curious and imposing configuration. A frail bridge, made of reed grass, and swaying to and fro whenever anybody sets foot upon it, spans it at the very spot opposite the narrow outlet of the Gorge of Death, and leads, on the southern bank of the river, to the Kuet Gela, that is to say, the Gorge of Life. The valley of the river is one of the finest on earth. It is hemmed in by immense mountain-masses, covered with perpetual snow, and hardly inferior in majestic beauty to those of the great Himalaya range. A small village, named Tiri, nestles on the southern bank of the river. The latter is called Baghrettee, that is to say, the River of Blood. It is doubtful if there is anywhere another stream so well entitled to this terrible name. The people of Tiri look upon it with the utmost awe. They say that its waters are poisonous. They believe that to bathe in it is fatal, and that Ahriman, the god of evil, to whom the Baghrettee is sacred, will visit with his wrath those who would be audacious enough to catch fish in it. They draw their water exclusively from the few scanty wells in the mountains. They think that no enemy of theirs will ever be allowed to cross the river with a hostile purpose.

The only general who ever did it was the great and terrible Tamerlane. But, before he accomplished the task, and overcame the desperate resistance of the opposing army, he had to sacrifice over ten thousand of his best warriors. Among them was young Teng-Deel, the betrothed of Tamerlane's youngest daughter, Syakilve. When the latter, who accompanied her father during his campaigns, heard of the death of Teng-Deel, she rushed in despair to the river-bank, and threw herself into the depth. This event produced a terrible impression upon Tamerlane, and, in his wrath, he ordered the prisoners who had fallen into his hands to be massacred. The traditions of Tiri say that so large was the number of the slain prisoners, whose corpses were thrown into the Baghrettee, that they stopped the course of the stream for three days, and that for weeks afterward the color of its waters was blood-red. In their superstition, the people of the neighborhood believe that, during the night of the day of the massacre, every year, the Baghrettee assumes the same color, and that the spirits of Tamerlane's daughter, of her lover, and of the immolated prisoners, haunt its banks on that occasion.

Four times again sanguinary battles were fought at the same memorable spot; but, on all those occasions, the people of the country succeeded in repelling the attacks of the invaders. The Russians, this time, will certainly have no easy task in trying to cross the river at Tiri. The frail bridge will probably be allowed to remain in its present condition up to the last moment, owing to the superstitious belief of the people of Khiva that it was built by the angels of heaven, and that the latter were the first to cross it. This belief has hitherto prevented the khans of the country from substituting a more substantial structure in its stead.

The climate in this remarkable valley is said to be as mild and balmy as its surrounding scenery is magnificent. Indeed, the people of Khiva have a proverb, "Go to Tiri, and live a hundred years." In effect, the inhabitants of Tiri are noted for their vigorous and healthy constitutions. Sickness is almost unknown there. The men are tall and well formed, and the women are famous throughout the country for their handsome faces and delicate complexion.—*Translated for the JOURNAL.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IF we imagine a philosopher in some remote land, who, being acquainted with our language, is endeavoring to comprehend our social customs by means of our literature, we must think of him puzzling over a few strange contradictions that present themselves.

His inquisitive intelligence, let us suppose, is endeavoring to take a measure of the character of American women. As mothers of the generations to come, he hopes, by plumbing their natures, to acquire some sort of insight into the destinies of the great republic.

But he is confronted with two distinct portraiture, involving accusations which alarm him, but which he discovers cannot both be true. He is distressed to find that we rarely ascribe to our women high qualities, either of morals or of intellect, but he is half inclined to suspect either irony or an unjust bitterness in the current accusations. That we contradict ourselves seriously impairs, in his judgment, the accuracy of our statements.

One of the current descriptions, for instance, delineates the young American woman as luxurious and indolent. She is depicted as wasting her hours in slothful ease, as given to the lazy perusal of idle fiction, as being fond of costly raiment, as decorating herself with vulgar and showy ornaments, as having no capacity for industry, as disdaining all kinds of useful acquirements, as having no inclination for exertion save that which pertains to social dissipation.

The other picture tells a very different story. This describes the American girl as bold and forward, as full of a bright but saucy spirit, as imitating the sports and even the vices of her brothers, as lacking modesty and gentleness, as being what our social historians describe in one word as "fast," which, to our philosopher's mind, includes a great many vague and unknown qualities.

Which of these two portraiture, the philosopher asks, is the more faithful? He is not concerned to know that individuals of each class exist—his judgment assumes this much—but which, we suppose him to inquire, fairly represents the average girl of America; and, while he doubts, his philosophical nature prompts him to moralize.

"Let me hope the second picture of these two portraits is the true one," he will say, "for any form of energy is better than sloth. There is, after all, no real danger to the nation in the excess of rude spirit, but inevitable, ultimate death in the dry-rot of self-indulgent luxury. There is always virtue in openness. A frank spirit, even if a little coarse and boisterous, is far better than the close, introspective brooding that often characterizes the shy and seemingly bashful nature. The man of the world, recollect, in

searching for conquests, looks for his victims among the sensitive and retiring rather than among the bold and open."

If the philosopher were in our confidence, we should privately concede to him that there is something of boldness in the manner and speech of our young women. We should explain that, unlike European women, they go about hither and thither unchaperoned, but that with us this is not considered wrongful; we train our young women in that self-reliance that renders a jaller unnecessary. They are more prone to give the saucy retort than to hide their features in shame and confusion. They are not as good walkers and horsewomen as the English ladies; but they can drive a fast trotter. Their capacity for the dance is unlimited; and their genius for flirtation, we would sorrowfully confess, is something surprising. They exhibit, we would explain, at all times an open, plucky, defiant, unabashed spirit; but we would challenge the philosopher to show us a race of women anywhere of greater virtue. As for the picture of their sloth and luxuriousness, we should pronounce it untrue, being simply an imaginary condition of our fashionable society, arising from the many delineations in our literature of fashionable vice in other countries and at other periods, and which the censorious find it convenient to transfer to the social life of to-day in America.

In support of our assertions we should endeavor to carry the philosopher in imagination to our shores. We would cast our eyes forward a little, and show our young women, as we shall now soon find them, peopling the hills, making merry at the watering-places, converting lake and meadow and forest into a vast arena for the vent of their joyous spirits.

"Do not believe," we would say, "all that you hear about our watering-place life. There is far more independence and less ostentation and show than the newspaper correspondents and the social critics would have the world believe. There is some extravagance in dressing. Women in all ages and in all countries delight in adornment; but you will find many of our young girls ready enough to sacrifice costly dress to the opportunity for adventure and out-door sport. There is a good deal of what is called flirtation, but much of this is no more than youthful relish for pleasant company; it is a series of charming little mimic contests of playfulness, in which possibly lurk a spice of admiration and of the desire to win admiration, but which, for the most part, are entirely harmless.

"In these summer places," we would explain, "there is excellent opportunity to study womanhood. He would be blind of eye, dull of spirit, obtuse in imagination, who did not discover many a glorious picture of fresh girlhood—pictures of them in the mountain scramble, in the forest saunter, in the open boat, in the merry picnic—all full of such light and color and grace as would warm the heart of every philosopher in the world.

"Watch this group, armed with alpenstocks, on their way to the mountain-top. There is no languor in those lithe figures, no love of indulgent ease in the flush of those fair faces, no halting feebleness in the elastic spring of those fairy feet. They are not very reticent, you say. They have a dashing manner, bear themselves openly and boldly, if you will; they even utter a little slang; they do not tremble when men speak to them; they would far rather enjoy a gay picnic on the mountain than bend themselves to labor at home; they have their ambitions, and each possibly would like to win a handsome fellow for a husband, in whom wealth would be no objection; they do not talk the best wisdom, and sometimes they show a consciousness that you are admiring their flowing locks, their graceful movements—but these, dear sir, are our young American women, full of a hundred fascinations and a hundred faults; now tell us, are they not at heart good and pure, and worthy?"

"But I am puzzled," the philosopher would reply, "at the accusations your people bring against them. Why do you all seem to delight in making the world believe they are idle, frivolous, fond only of pleasure, without sterling qualities? I have been looking beyond the pictures you have shown me, and have detected that, when brought by necessity to the test, they often exhibit courage, strength of purpose, and nobility of soul. Their critics are not wise—they forget that gayety, high spirits, love of excitement, relish for pleasure, usually are the very qualities that mature in after-years to ripe fulness of character."

— Although at this writing the pope seems to have recovered from his recent illness, the exaggerated reports of which are said to have caused him "much merriment," it can scarcely be expected that a rather frail old man of more than fourscore, who has lived in a state of almost constant feverish excitement for a quarter of a century, will continue much longer on the throne of St. Peter's. He has already violated the ancient tradition of the Romish Church by reigning beyond the twenty-five years allotted as the limit, since that was the term of Peter's own pontificate; and has lived to see more violent changes in the temporal condition of the papacy than ever fell to the lot of any of his predecessors. Revolution has again and again threatened to deprive him of the tiara, and once drove him from the Holy City; and at last has confined the proud sovereignty of Hildebrand and Leo to "the Vatican and a garden"—a poor little space on the other side of the Tiber. The pope's own favorite palace—the Quirinal—serves for the profane festivities of an excommunicated prince; and Lent is unblushingly violated on the very Corso and in the Piazza di Spagna. The pope is now not even monarch of all he surveys; for from the Vatican windows his eyes may wander in every direction be-

yond the frontiers of his temporal sovereignty, and rest upon a territory over which waves the Italian tri-color. Pius IX., however, has been one of the most energetic, steadfast, and sincere rulers of the Church who ever sat on Peter's throne, or blessed multitudes from the balcony of the great Basilica. He has assembled two great councils, which have celebrated his reign by promulgating the two cardinal doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility in spiritual matters. He has maintained a consistent opposition to the encroachments of civil powers, and the inroads upon ecclesiastical authority. Yet he has lived to see the traditional friends of the papacy—Austria, France, Spain, Italy—drop one by one away, leaving him at the mercy of the house of Savoy. The probability that he will not long be able to resist the ravages of his chronic malady, arouses speculation as to the future of the papacy when he does pass away. Had he died three years ago, there is little doubt that the Emperor Napoleon III., with his troops at Rome, and his paramount influence with the dignitaries of the church, would have succeeded in placing the tiara upon the head of his cousin, Cardinal Bonaparte, the grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino; but now that prelate's chances, despite his recognized ability and amiable character, are rather worse than if there never had been a Second Empire. For a long period of years the pope has been invariably chosen from among the Italian cardinals; and, as the present College of Cardinals comprises, in a total of forty-five, thirty-three Italians, five Frenchmen, three Germans, three Spaniards, and one Irishman (in the person of Cardinal Cullen), the necessary two-thirds will doubtless be again awarded to an Italian candidate. At present the names prominently mentioned are Cardinal Sforza, Cardinal Canali, and Cardinal Panebianco. In the extraordinary position of the Church, however, it may be that a French or German pontiff will be chosen, to combat more vigorously its powerful enemies. Were Antonelli eligible he might prove the successful candidate; but he is a lay cardinal, and hence cannot succeed the master he has so long and energetically served. The world will await with unusual interest a choice fraught with important results in the state of churches and politics in Europe.

MINOR MENTION.

— There is no doubt that British sports have of recent years put on a milder character, and, if as manly and vigorous, are less cruel and brutal than in the good old times. Men are still living who remember when bull-baiting and cock-fighting, dog-battles, and prize pugilism, were the most exciting amusements of the most refined circles of the "nobility and gentry;" and it is related of the great William Windham, who was

war minister when Pitt was premier, and went home and shut himself up for two days when he heard of Ansterlitz, that his especial passion was the witnessing of pugilistic encounters. This respected and brilliant statesman repeatedly confesses his partiality for that sport in his diary. In one place he regrets, on returning from a visit to Mr. Edmund Burke, at Beaconsfield, to hear that a pugilist had just been killed at a "mill" where the Prince of Wales was present; and it is stated that, while a cabinet minister, Mr. Windham wrote to the papers, hotly defending what he was pleased to call "the noble and generous art of self-defence." The region round about St. Martin's Lane was once fairly dotted with "back-parlors" and "lofts," where young Oxford bloods, sprouts of the nobility, fashionable club-men from Pall Mall, and even rising young statesmen, fresh from a field-night in the House, used to congregate to witness the bloody encounters of thick-pated professional bullies. How great a change for the better has come over the British taste in this respect, is seen by the storm of indignation which, from society and the press, has descended upon the sportive young Marquis of Queensbury. This heir to an antique house recently offered a reward for the victor in what was virtually a prize-fight, which took place at a hall in Soho. A large audience purchased tickets at a pound apiece, and the fight was honestly carried out, under the marquis's personal auspices, until one of the combatants had to be carried off to the hospital. This would have happened openly half a century ago; now the marquis, who inherits a love of pugilism from two preceding generations of Queensburys, has to proceed secretly and with infinite precaution, to indulge the tabooed luxury. The English nowadays prefer horse-racing and boat-racing to any of those pastimes which imperil life and torture animals.

— An evening journal, discussing the monument question, and lamenting that so many of our distinguished dead lie in unmarked graves, closes as follows: "Are republics ungrateful? Not without exception. Aaron Burr sleeps under an elegant monument at Princeton, New Jersey, near the old college-building that knew him when a boy." It is true, that Burr's resting-place is marked by a marble block bearing a suitable inscription, but those who know its origin will find it difficult to trace any connection between it and the republic's gratitude. As in many other similar cases in our history, an effort was made, soon after Burr's death, to raise money by subscription to erect a suitable memorial over his grave, but, as usual, the attempt proved a failure, and the spot was unmarked for nearly two years. One morning, it was discovered that a neat monument had been erected within the enclosure, where Burr lies by the side of his father, and of his grandfather, Jonathan Edwards. No one then knew whence it came, nor by whom it was placed there, and the matter was for a long time involved in mystery. It is now known, however, that the stone was raised by private generosity, and the latest biographer of the statesman ascribes the pious deed to a woman's liberal hand.

— The German Government is still seriously troubled at the excessive emigration of its citizens to the United States, and no means are left untried to prevent the exodus. But, notwithstanding all the efforts of the authorities, every ship from German ports comes loaded with the boue and sinew of the fatherland. Herr Engel and Dr. Kapps, of the statistical office in Berlin, aver that the French indemnity fund, great as it is, is not enough to compensate Germany for her losses by emigration to this country. This seems an exaggerated estimate, but when we consider that the wealth of a nation depends upon its productive population, and that Germany is losing daily thousands of her sons of toil, each of whom brings with him not only his physical energies, but a sum of money besides, it is easy to see how the yearly emigration may represent in the aggregate a very large amount. But Prince Bismarck regards the emigrant in still another light. He withdraws not only a certain percentage from the productive capital of the country, but also from its offensive and defensive strength. Each able-bodied man that leaves, therefore, reduces Germany's power in a threefold capacity, and, with the prospect of French retaliation in the future, the steady reduction of her vital energies is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Hence it is not surprising that the chancellor should give to the problem his most earnest attention.

— Having questioned the accuracy of Sir Henry Thompson's assertion that the use of fermented liquors, even in moderation, disqualify a people for "endurance in that competition which, in the nature of things, must exist, and in which struggle the prize of superiority must fall to the best and strongest," we are taken to task therefore by a correspondent, who, however, misconceives our meaning. There was nothing in our remarks to justify his interpretation that we defended beer-drinking as the promoter of a people's success. We simply pointed out that the beer-drinking people of the world have so far conspicuously exhibited their superiority in the struggle for supremacy. Now, very likely, beer-drinking did not promote this success, but, upon what evidence is based the assumption that the habit has proved a retarding influence? "Every nation," says our correspondent, "has some peculiar influences which act as retarders to success, just as it also has peculiar influences which act as accelerators. Strike the balance between the two classes of influences, and the one that has the preponderance of accelerators will be, in the long-run, the most successful." This is excellent philosophy, every word of it; but don't let us make reckless assertions as to what are and what are not "retarding influences." Nothing is easier than for people to draw hasty conclusions in regard to the influences of social habits. Recently some one declared that the use of tobacco was the cause of the French inferiority in their recent war with Germany, forgetting that the Germans are among the most inveterate smokers in the world.

— Our correspondent further tells us that "the development of the best manhood is a very complex problem." Again we do

not dispute him; but, because it is a very complex problem, it is difficult to determine the measure of influences exercised by social habits. We have no race of water-drinkers to compare with the beer-drinkers of Northern Europe, unless we consider the teetotalers of the United States as such. But there is an admitted decline in the physical fibre of the men and women of America. Now, don't let our correspondent too hastily declare that we are attributing this result to the ultra temperance of our people; it possibly has nothing to do with it, climatic influences being sufficient, many think, to account for the degeneration. And yet, on the other hand, the Americans are notoriously dyspeptic, and not a few believe an exciting cause of this disease to be that excess of water-drinking at meals to which Americans are prone. Whether there is truth in this we do not know, but we are convinced that hot-bread-eating in the South, and pastry-eating in the North, are great provocators of a complaint that is now recognized as national. But, considering the physical condition of water-drinkers in America, and wine-drinkers in the south of Europe, it seems to us at least hasty to talk about the disqualifying influence of fermented liquors, when we see them freely used by the most robust peoples of the earth.

—The government of Greece, in abolishing its foreign legations, is setting an example which will no doubt ultimately be followed by all other countries. When diplomacy was but another name for intrigue, when the leading object of a government was to overreach every other, and when political information was only to be gotten by the personal efforts of adroit and accredited schemers, embassies and legations were the necessary instruments of any successful international policy; but, in this age of telegraphs, when the "special correspondent" is abroad, when the premier of one nation avows, with the most gentlemanly and engaging frankness, his intention of crippling and impoverishing a neighboring power, and when the first whisper of approaching war is heard in a thousand newspaper-offices, they are at best but expensive, cumbersome, and antiquated machines, useless for any thing but to provide for the national place-hunters, and to round out the beautiful proportions of the circumlocution-office.

—The preponderance of women over men, in New England, has long been a matter of comment—sometimes of jest and sometimes of concern, in accordance with the disposition of the speaker. But this social fact, which is of a really serious aspect in regard to the future of the Eastern States, has suddenly developed a phase which the wildest theorist never suspected. One hundred and sixty women of Lowell, described as "respectable," have petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts to legalize polygamy, to the extent of allowing a man to take a second wife whenever he can obtain the consent of the first. This latter provision indicates a marvellous, and, we imagine, a misplaced confidence in female humanity. The men who never bring into the household a second "better-half" until the original possessors of that title give their consent, are likely to remain monoga-

mists so long as human nature remains as it is.

—The *Times* writes of the Perils of the Pavement. There are many—not all of which are enumerated by our contemporary. He tells us of the "malevolent imbecile"—malevolent imbecile is good—who persists in carrying his umbrella under his arm with the point extending horizontally beyond his body. He should have supplemented this description with an account of those who, when it rains, charge, with outspread umbrella full before them, into every unlucky individual who chances to be in their line of advance. Between the danger of having your eye poked out by one method of carrying this useful article, and being deliberately upset by the other, there would appear to be little choice. Then there are the dangers of the orange-peel and the banana-skin, recklessly thrown upon the pavement, often the cause of a broken leg, and continually throwing the confiding pedestrian from his perpendicular. At every crossing one is endangered by whirling carriages, by swiftly-assaulting butcher-carts, by ponderous trucks, whose wheels grind fiercely and ominously upon the yielding granite of the roadway. But the dangers are, after all, few as compared with the nuisances—of people who smoke in your face, who expectorate upon your freshly-polished boots, who tread upon your corns, who hit you with swinging canes or sweeping arms, who get out of the current flowing their own way, and, like a snag in the opposing stream, obstruct and almost arrest the travel. Then there are the licensed nuisances—the men who thrust circulars into your hand, who parade directly in your course with their advertising hat-bands. These are a few of the annoyances of a Broadway promenade. What shall we say of those sections where the traders usurp the sidewalks with their merchandise? Here the dangers and nuisances are literally too numerous to mention, and we retire from the task.

—Still "horrors on horror's head accumulate." If accidents continue much longer at the rate they have been multiplying in the past, we shall soon have the whole world in mourning. One would suppose the Atlantic disaster were enough for one season; but the terrors of this direful tragedy were still in men's mouths when came the Richmond bridge calamity; and we were still discussing the particulars of this frightful mishap, when came the still more appalling accident of the Dixon bridge. Absolutely, if we do not take thorough, energetic, and systematic measures to avert these misfortunes, our civilization is a sham. We have boards of inspection for steamboats and boilers; we have in our cities building superintendents, who exercise some sort of supervision over new structures; as great a necessity exists now for governmental regulation of bridges. Each State should organize a department or a commission for this purpose, which should subject every bridge, no matter for what purpose erected, to a yearly scientific test; and every new bridge should undergo examination by a government engineer before permission for its use should be extended. If we could force government into this sort of supervisory

care, there would be some excuse and some reason for its existence.

—The question of the disposition of the dead is again revived, following some law of "periodic times" not well comprehended at present. Certain London journals are now discussing the subject of interment, and several writers advocate incineration as a substitute. This is indeed a more popular idea than is generally supposed. One of the last instances of incineration, in civilized countries, at least, was that of the body of Henry Laurens, the first president of the American Congress. It was his own desire, expressed in his will, and enjoined as a duty upon his children during his lifetime. The motive of this request was, doubtless, the fear of being buried alive—a fear naturally strengthened by the fact that a little daughter of his, being laid out for burial, revived on being exposed to fresh currents of air from windows kept closed during her illness. It is stated by the English writers on this subject that interment is the most unscientific method of disposing of the dead, especially as at present conducted, which prevents the action of the soil upon the body for a long time, therefore inducing the formation of deadly gases that render the vicinity of burial-grounds exceedingly unhealthy. This being a fact, it is our duty to provide some acceptable substitute for interment. In New Orleans it has never prevailed to any extent on account of the excess of water in the ground. Vaults in the public tombs are purchased *à perpétuité* by those who can afford it, and by others for a certain number of years; but this system is perhaps worse than any that exists, and is supposed to be a prolific cause of the extensive prevalence of disease in and about that city. No one questions the universal repugnance to the idea inseparably connected with the gradual decay of the bodies of loved ones; and yet, on the other hand, few are able to see any acceptable substitute for burial. It was doubtless this repugnance that suggested to Bulwer, in "The Coming Race," the extraordinary method invented by the *Vril-ya*, whose scientific attainments were as unlimited as the imagination of the author could make them. When the science of chemistry has reached the point of perfection attained by the *Vril-ya*, we may hope for a scientific method of disposing of the dead which shall be as sudden, as quiet, and withal as little offensive to the æsthetic sense, as that described in "The Coming Race."

—The pecuniary independence of women is likely to become fashionable when ladies of aristocratic prestige engage in the "cultivation of hens," and succeed in making money by it even against such industrial competition as exists everywhere in Europe. Madame the Baroness de Linas has accomplished this feat in Belair, France. Her establishment for hens and chickens is a perfect model of its kind; and M. Gayot, who writes a book about it ("*Poules et Œufs*," Paris, 1872), shows how attractive such a business may become under the hands of an educated and refined woman, who has a spirit of enterprise added to a love of the beautiful. Her establishment contains over thirteen hundred fowls in the most flourishing

condition, and comprises, besides the hen-house proper, four parks of about an acre and a half each for the entertainment of fowls of different ages. Each of these parks contains sheds open to the south, where the pampered fowls can bask in the sun even in winter; shade-trees to shield them against sun and rain, with mulberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries, to delight their fastidious palates, besides grains and seeds, which are sowed in the parks four times a year. Not only this but the pillars supporting the gallery on three sides of their house are covered with luxuriant roses and honeysuckles that are in their season stately masses of beauty and fragrance. Many people may be disposed to smile at such refinements in a chicken-world; but why not? They cost nothing, and even if they did entail a little expense, how charming to substitute verdure and flowers for the prosaic ugliness generally seen in such places! Madame de Linas has discovered the secret of perfect success in the art of "gallinoculture"—it is air, exercise, and perfect cleanliness. Without these, whatever care may be taken with the food of hens and chickens, they will not flourish, as many an amateur in this department of industry has learned to his cost. This establishment of the Baroness de Linas is conducted in the most systematic and scientific manner, and has proved its success by an income which has been increasing for over eight years. The principal object is the production of eggs—a vast industry of France, as is shown by the fact that, in 1863, that country exported eggs to the value of forty million francs.

Correspondence.

Blunders.

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

SIR: The following paragraph, having appeared in the principal New-York papers, is now being repeated throughout the country:

"At a recent public sale in London, a copy of Smith's 'History of Virginia,' 1697, was purchased for the extraordinary price of one thousand and forty-six pounds. Though not entirely perfect, it was fortunately on large paper, one of the four or five copies known to exist in that State. It had been preserved in an old country-house library, and will now take its place among the gems of the great New-York Library of Books of America, founded by Mr. Lenox."

Since the world began, but a single instance is recorded of a printed volume ever selling for any such sum, and it is needless to remark that the book in question was not Smith's "History of Virginia," but a rare copy of Boccaccio's "Decameron," purchased, after a spirited controversy between two famous collectors, for upward of ten thousand dollars. The book above mentioned was sold in London, a few months since, at the sale of the late Rev. Frederick Pyndar Lowe's library, for one hundred and forty-six pounds, or a little more than seven thousand dollars—probably the highest price ever paid for a copy of the work. It was the folio edition of 1637 (the dedication copy to the Duchess of Richmond and Lennox), was gorgeously bound in red morocco, and was knocked down, after a keen competition, not to Mr. Lenox or any other New-York buyer, but to a gentleman residing in a neighboring State.

Another equally absurd blunder, also repeated by various prominent journals, was the statement that the first edition of Shakespeare, destroyed with other portions of Edwin Forrest's library at the recent burning of his residence in Philadelphia, cost him *five thousand dollars*. No such sum was ever paid by the deceased actor, or any one else, for the folio Shakespeare of 1623. The finest copy known was purchased, a few years ago, by the Baroness Coutts, for less than four thousand dollars; while the Forrest copy, for which he paid at the Burton sale, I am informed, about five hundred dollars (I have not access at the moment to a priced catalogue), was a very inferior copy.

Another equally inexcusable blunder came under my notice last evening, in reading Robert Dale Owen's interesting account of his father, contributed to the pages of a popular monthly. "Robert Owen's predominant love of order," he remarks, "brought about another important reform. Mrs. Grant (of Laggan), for twenty years a Scottish clergyman's wife, has well described, in her 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' the careless untidiness," etc. The editor of the Boston magazine ought to know that Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, was not the author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie."

J. G. W.

NEW YORK, May 2, 1875.

Literary Notes.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S new work carries in its title the clew to its purpose. "Literature and Dogma: an Essay toward a Better Apprehension of the Bible"—this is certainly self-explanatory; and, with the knowledge of Mr. Arnold which every one of his readers should possess by this time, it would not be difficult for any one of them to construct from the title-page, on the *ex pede Herculem* principle, the whole book that follows it. The author's idea, easily inferred, is, of course, founded on the literary rather than the dogmatic aspect of the Scriptures; and is, perhaps, most briefly expressed in one portion of his preface: "To understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific, is the first step toward a right understanding of the Bible. But to take this very first step, some experience of how men have thought and expressed themselves, and some flexibility of spirit, are necessary; and this is culture." This argument for the necessity of culture to a proper interpretation of the Bible forms the motive and the basis of the essay; and it is an argument far stronger, and far less *dilettante* and Arnold-like (if we may say so), than it seems at first statement. Mr. Arnold's definition of culture is a concise one—"knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world;" and this, he says, "turns out to be, in another shape, and in particular relation to the Bible: *getting the power, through reading, to estimate the proportion and the relation in what we read.*" To the man of true culture, Mr. Arnold thinks, each portion of Scripture will have its proper weight; there will be no need of perpetual instruction to save him either from blind literalism, or as blind rejection of the whole as worthless—the extremes into which men with unprepared minds most easily fall. These views, expressed in the beginning of "Literature and Dogma," prepare us for the way in which Mr. Arnold treats his subject in the body of the work. The essays toward an intelligent and reverent criticism which he here makes seem to us, in spite of their somewhat complicated na-

ture, and of the fact that they are, after all, only one man's views, really valuable and suggestive; though we cannot help wishing, as we always wish when we read Mr. Arnold's books, that there might be more vigor and strong thought in his argumentative writing, and less of his favorite standing aloof from the real strife, and gently discussing it with the calm of an unruffled mind. In "Literature and Dogma" the really incisive sentences, that go at once to the heart of a thought, are, it seems to us, very few. That there are some of them, however, scattered among those things in the book which have a quieter suggestiveness, a single extract will prove, even though it is given here without particular connection with what we have been saying: "There is no surer proof of a narrow and ill-instructed mind than to think and uphold that what a man takes to be the truth on religious matters is always to be proclaimed. . . . The man who believes that his truth . . . is so absolutely the truth that, say it when, and where, and to whom he will, he cannot but do good with it, is in our day almost always a man whose truth is half blunder, and wholly useless."

The Messrs. Putnam have begun, at a time which seems to us exceedingly well chosen, an undertaking of no small importance, in the publication of a valuable series of scientific treatises by prominent authors. With that quick perception of opportunities, which is the best possible publishers' capital, the members of the firm have noted exactly the gap which seems to exist in the present plentiful supply of scientific works to the public. In the great scientific literature that has sprung up of late, treatises which popularize great truths and teach the grand results of discovery, are most abundant; the Messrs. Appletons' International Science Series embodies all the very best of this class of information. Of works in the highest rank of pure science there is also a full and complete literature; but many young scholars notice and complain that of good works which are text-books, and yet something better—which supply the very primal facts, yet do not confine themselves entirely to the old style of dry, Gradgrind-like teaching—there are far too few. The Messrs. Appleton with their Science Primers, and now the Messrs. Putnam, have come to the aid of just this class of truth-seekers. The volumes the latter firm announce and those they have just published commend themselves especially to those who would lay good groundwork for a course of higher study afterward. Among the books composing "Putnam's Elementary Science Series"—and it is this of which we have spoken, leaving the "Advanced Series" for a future notice—the following have been already published: "Practical Plane and Solid Geometry," by H. Angel, Islington Science School, London; "Machine Construction and Drawing," by E. Tomkins, Queen's College, Liverpool; "Acoustics, Light, and Heat," by William Lees, A. M., Lecturer on Physics, Edinburgh; "Mineralogy," by J. H. Collins, F. R. S., Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, Falmouth; "Steam and the Steam-Engine—Land and Marine," by Henry Evers, LL. D., Plymouth; "Steam and Steam-Engine—Locomotive," by Henry Evers, LL. D., Plymouth; "Physical Geography," by John Macetuk, F. R. G. S.; "Astronomy," by J. J. Plummer, Observatory, Durham. The "Physical Geography" and Mr. Lees's "Acoustics, Light, and Heat," have especially attracted our attention by their general sensible arrangement and the good quality of the work shown in them. The geography has an excellent series of maps and charts, well printed and clear. All the

books of the series are neatly bound and of convenient size, while the typography and illustration are decidedly praiseworthy.

Those wonderful productions, the "Farm Ballads," of Mr. Will Carleton, have been a puzzle to us, from their first appearance in the world. The simple fact that any one existed who could have written them, opened for us an entirely new series of possibilities in humanity; but when we found that there were also those who would publish them; then those who would read them; and finally that a public existed which actually called for their appearance in a volume, our views of the human race underwent a marked change. Our opinion will probably not have a notable effect on these misguided people, but it produces in our own mind a serious melancholy. Is it then possible that "Betsey and I are out?" can really count a large company of admirers? We have even heard its author talked of as "a rough but vigorous genius"—yet the heavens did not fall, and we doubt if any dead-and-gone versifiers turned in their graves. But we cannot pursue the subject further without positively cynical reflections, and must content ourselves with merely announcing that the Messrs. Harper have actually published the "Farm Ballads" in a large, thin volume—emblematical, perhaps. In looking it over, we found one thing that should console us—we found a class mentioned in which we claim decidedly that we are included. We have only to quote the lines to point out more distinctly our promise of immortality. Mr. Carleton thus speaks:

"And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be, still;

There are some who appreciate its labors, and some who perhaps never will."

In which of these classes we have claimed a place, we decline, most modestly, to state.

The London *Graphic* compliments "Picturesque America"—a work to which many of our readers, no doubt, are subscribers—in the following emphatic manner: "This magnificent work, which is now being published in parts in England and America, containing engravings of the most beautiful scenery in America, is a work of which the editor, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, the principal artist, Mr. Fenn, and the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., may well be proud. It is not only creditable to them, but satisfactory to find that art is so highly appreciated in the United States. The illustrations alone, we understand from the circular issued by the publishers, are to cost sixteen thousand pounds; and it appears likely, from the success with which the numbers already published have been received, that the publishers will make a handsome profit by their enterprise. We hope the English publishers will look to their laurels. Surely there is a public sufficiently appreciative to make it a profitable enterprise to issue works in England of this high class, instead of the poor-looking photographs of used-up engravings which do duty now with us for Guinea Illustrated Presentation Books."

Miss Beecher, in her "House-keeping and Health-keeping," has given to the great world of house-keepers another book of "recipes," hints for home management, hygienic management, directions for dress, mental culture, and all other matters in any way connected with the art of living. In this kind of literature Miss Beecher has certainly been a prolific writer. Indeed, her works have supplied us with a solution of the great question, "Why are the

women of America inferior in intelligence" (if they are so, which we do not affirm) "to men?"—Why, indeed?—Only, it seems to us, because they have from Miss Beecher such copious instructions as to the management of every thing, from their minds to their kitchens, that they have no occasion for independent thought, and their brains wither through mere disuse. We beg Miss Beecher to think whether this may not be so; and we wonder whether the same amount of really useful matter that is put into one such book, would not attain its end better, and do more good, if written and published in some other forms, than when it is given us in a shape that might be called "The Whole Art of Living in One Volume." (Harpers, publishers.)

Scientific Notes.

FROM the most recent and reliable data it is safe to conclude that the existence of an intra-Mercurial planet is an established fact. Whether it be the long-heralded "Vulcan" or not, still remains to be determined. On the 24th of March ultimo, Mr. Cowie, astronomer at Shanghai, China, sent the following dispatch to Mr. Hind, the eminent English astronomer: "Your predicted circular black spot on the sun seen here distinctly at 9, morning 24th." In a short note commenting on this dispatch, the editor of *Nature* states: "This, of course, refers to the possible transit over the sun's disk of an intra-Mercurial planet; and, although it is very unlikely that Mr. Cowie's is a genuine find, the mere fact that he should put himself to the trouble and expense of sending such a telegram all the way from Shanghai, is an encouraging sign of the increasing and widespread interest taken in science." Though meeting with this rather chilling reception from his friends at home, Mr. Cowie will be amply repaid for his "trouble" and "expense" when he learns that two such eminent astronomers as Professors Alexander and Kirkwood are prepared to acknowledge his discovery as a genuine one. In a letter from Professor Kirkwood to the *Tribune*, bearing the date of Bloomington, Ind., April 23d, the writer, after referring to Mr. Cowie's dispatch, adds that, "among the recorded dates of similar phenomena are the following: February 25 (7), 1862; February 13, 1820; February 16, 1837; March 20, 1862." These dates indicate a synodic period of about 38d. 15h. 12m. The intervals are:

21,167d. = 548 × 38d. 14h. 36m.

8,214d. = 161 × 38d. 14h. 18m.

9,163d. = 237 × 38d. 15h. 53m.

4,021d. = 104 × 38d. 16h. 3m.

40,565d. = 1,060 × 38d. 15h. 12m.

Each of these values of the synodic period differs from the mean by less than one hour—an amount which might possibly be explained by planetary perturbations. The corresponding sidereal period is 34d. 22h. 31m. As a further indorsement of these views, Professor Alexander, of Princeton, forwards to the same journal a communication which, as it illustrates the character of the conclusions, and the data upon which they are founded, will be of especial interest and value. The following is the letter in full.

To the Editor of the *Tribune*.

SIR: In a paper on "Certain Harmonies of the Solar System," presented two weeks ago to the National Academy of Sciences, I indicated the distance from the sun, as well as the mass of a probable planet, or else a set of asteroids interior to Mercury, and showed that the

same would be adequate to the production of the perturbations of the planet Mercury, attributed to such a cause by M. Leverrier.

It is very satisfactory to find that the periodic time of such a body as theoretically determined by Kepler's laws, in conjunction with my own investigations, agrees very closely with that of Professor Kirkwood as deduced from the observations which he has quoted; his result being 34d. 22h. 31m., and mine being 34d. 16h. 61m.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

Following this communication is a second from Professor Kirkwood, in which he ventures the announcement that "the phenomenon seems to indicate the existence of a zone of minor planets within the orbit of Mercury." Besides the transits given in the former note, Professor Kirkwood adds certain others which are well authenticated, and which would appear to indicate a second planet with a period of about 16d. 16h. 29m. With the presentation of these notes, our readers are informed as to the character and present status of this interesting astronomical problem. And, should the existence of an interior "zone of minor planets" be proved, the announcement of further discoveries of intra-Mercurial asteroids may be confidently expected.

MM. Champion and Pellet, as the result of an extended series of experiments upon the character and comparative value of various detonating compounds, have attained certain results which fully confirm Abel's theory "that detonants explode by a peculiar mechanical vibratory stimulus." From an extended review of these observations, we condense the following: It was found that nitrogen iodide could be exploded at one end of a glass tube twenty-two feet long, by means of a little of the same substance detonated at the other; that is, that the vibrations produced were such as to cause an active response. In order to determine, if possible, whether this explosion was directly due to any peculiar class of vibrations, a piece of nitrogen iodide was fastened, by means of gold-beater's skin, to the strings of a bass-viol; it was then observed that, when placed on the two lower strings, the compound did not explode when these were caused to vibrate; but, when attached to the highest string, an instant and violent explosion followed its vibration. This string vibrated thirty times per second. On the substitution of Chinese gongs for the viol-strings, similar results were obtained, thus confirming the theory of peculiar mechanical vibrations as the cause of the explosion. As a further proof of this, the order of the tests was reversed, and the effects of various explosions upon a series of sensitive flames arranged according to the complete scale of G was noted. In thus analyzing these vibrations, the two well-known detonants, nitrogen iodide and mercuric fulminate, were exploded. And it was thus discovered—1. That the vibrations caused by the two explosions are very different, the former having no effect, while the latter excited the flames A, C, E, F, G; and—2. That the vibrations produced belong only to certain notes of the scale. Whatever may be the practical value of these results, they cannot but be regarded of importance to the physicist, since they have a direct bearing upon certain problems respecting the general character of wave-action, and illustrating, as they do, the general law of the correlations and transmission of physical forces.

The recent and numerous reports regarding the existence and character of sea-currents, and the labors of Professors Carpenter and Thomson in this department, have directed

public attention to the subject in a marked degree. The following description of the principles involved in the circulation of the waters of the sea is from the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, and is an account of an experiment shown before the Royal Geographical Society: "A trough with plate-glass sides, about six feet long, and a foot deep, but not more than an inch wide, was filled with water. At one end a piece of ice was wedged in between the sides to represent the polar cold; while the tropic heat was represented at the other end by a bar of metal laid across the surface of the water, the projecting end of which was heated with a spirit-lamp. Red coloring-matter was then put in at the warm end, and blue at the cold end, so that the currents could be traced. The blue water, chilled by contact with the ice, immediately fell down to the bottom, crept slowly along, and gradually rose toward the surface at the equatorial end, after which it gradually returned along the surface to its starting-point. The red water crept first along the surface to the polar end, then fell to the bottom just as the blue had done, and formed another stratum, creeping back again along the bottom, and coming to the surface. Each color made a distinct circulation during the half-hour in which the audience viewed the experiment."

Professor John W. Draper sends to the editor of *Nature* the following extract from a letter of the captain of the school-ship *Mercury*. The facts regarding the temperature of sea-water at great depths will be of marked interest at this time, when the reports from the Challenger are acquainting us with the geography of the sea, its natural history, etc.: "Our Casella-Miller deep-sea thermometer," the captain writes, "worked admirably. This beautiful instrument stood the test at a depth of 2,040 fathoms, two miles south of the equator, in longitude 22° 10' west, when it indicated a temperature of 85° Fahr.; at 1,000 fathoms, 85°; at 400 fathoms, 41°; at 300 fathoms, 44°; at the surface, 81°; and in the air, 80°."

ATOMS.

M. Boillot, as the result of certain experiments with ozone, has discovered that a litre of pure oxygen yields only seven milligrammes of ozone, while the same quantity of air gives thirty-seven milligrammes; hence it would appear that oxygen, as combined in the air, is in a condition more favorable to its being converted into ozone.—The seat in the astronomical section of the French Academy, made vacant by the death of M. Delaunay, has been filled by the election of M. Loewy. The opposing candidates were Wolf, Stephan, and Tisserand.—The Italian Chambers have approved a project for laying down a submarine cable between Brindisi and Egypt.—The revenue from the Suez Canal, in February, was seventy-three thousand six hundred and forty pounds sterling, one hundred and three vessels having passed through the canal during that month.—An inch of rain on an acre of ground is equivalent to twenty-two thousand six hundred and twenty-two gallons.—Hebra, the great dermatologist of Vienna, is of the opinion that the leprosy of the Bible was *scabies* (itch), and that Naaman's cure, by washing in the Jordan, was due to the amount of sulphur contained in the water of that river.—As the result of a series of experiments with trout, Dr. Black, of London, has discovered that an excess of carbonic acid in the air may be the immediate cause of sudden death in heart-disease.—The agents of two Belgian starch-makers have recently been prosecuted before the Paris Police Court for selling rice-starch adulterated in proportions of from ten to twenty-

four per cent. with potato-flour and plaster of Paris.—A late writer accounts for the digestibility of raw oysters in the fact that the oysters contain their own gastric juice, and so on entering the stomach are ready to aid toward digesting themselves.—The great hammer at Krupp's works, at Essen, weighs one thousand pounds, and falls a distance of ten feet. Could all the heat generated by the fall of this hammer be utilized it would be sufficient to raise seventy-eight pounds of water from the freezing to the boiling point.—There are in active existence at the present time thirty-one geographical societies.—Late experiments in the vineyards at Surances, France, prove that vines may be protected from frost by the presence of artificial clouds, produced by the burning in open vessels of some heavy oils.—The oldest hewn timber in the world is that found in the ancient temples of Egypt, which is known to be at least four thousand years old.—The Brant prize for 1873 has been awarded by the Paris Academy of Sciences to M. Chanbeau for his researches upon virus and virulent maladies. In the course of his investigations, M. Chanbeau discovered that virus diluted with fifty times its own weight of water was as decided in its action as when concentrated—a fact which should add to the quantity and decrease the price of vaccine.

Home and Foreign Notes.

THE age of miracles, or the age of credulity, whichever it may be, is not yet passed, and in a recent *Univers* we find record of two miraculous cures which took place last month in Paris. The first was the case of a boy named Alfred Fontes, who lived at No. 8 Place des Batignolles, and seemed likely to die there, for he was suffering from a complication of disorders—indigestion being one of them. His case was considered hopeless, but on Monday, the 17th of March, at eleven A. M., the boy all at once cried out he was cured, his appetite returned, his digestive powers came back again, and, getting up from his bed, he jumped about the room with shouts of joy. This miracle is vouched for by Dr. Cretey, who attended him, and whose remedies, by his own account, proved useless. In the other case, that of another boy at Batignolles, named Armand Wallet, the miraculous agency was more directly apparent. He was suffering from rheumatism, dyspepsia, and chorea; but, on the 18th of March, the Virgin Mary appeared to him, and he was immediately cured. He ran down into the street and brought several of his playfellows up to his room, where they too saw the Virgin, though his mother, who was present, could not. "The apparition was seen by the children during the following seven days, and then disappeared altogether."

Mr. Ruskin, in the last of those "Letters to the Workmen and Laborers of Great Britain," which, with his usual talent for mystifying nomenclature, he calls "Fors Clavigera," informs his readers that "this age is infra-human in its selfishness;" and, by way of confirmation of this startling statement, reprints a long article which appeared in the *Pull Mall Gazette* of July 6, 1868. He had kept this article by him all that time; and the *Spectator* thinks that in this proceeding there is "something almost terrible. Journalists," it says, "are apt to consider their articles what an eminent journalist calls his—shavings cast from the well-worn mind, to be blown for one brief minute before the wind of public opinion, and then forgotten to all eternity. Let no such soothing or cynical dream be indulged in for the future. Mr. Ruskin is on the watch. The article which has passed utterly from the memory of its author, and of the public, may have been seen and seized upon by him. His pair of scissors is incomparably more dreadful than the shears of Atropos. He cuts, not with a view to conclusion and quiet, but to reproduce and reprimand. Our sense of responsibility

becomes stifling as we ponder this fact; we feel our courage oozing away as we think of Mr. Ruskin and his note-book supplementing the terrors of conscience."

In one of the most suggestive passages in "Kenelm Chillingly," Lord Lytton refers to the age at which violent crimes are usually committed. He says: "Do you think Macbeth was young when he murdered Duncan?" "Certainly. No man ever commits a first crime of violent nature, such as murder, after thirty; if he begins before, he may go on up to any age. But youth is the season for commencing those wrong calculations which belong to irrational hope and the sense of physical power. You thus read in the newspapers that the persons who murder their sweethearts are generally from two- to six-and-twenty; and persons who murder from other motives than love—that is, from revenge, avarice, or ambition—are generally about twenty-eight—lago's age. Twenty-eight is the usual close of the active season for getting rid of one's fellow-creatures—a prize-fighter falls off after that age. I take it that Macbeth was about twenty-eight when he murdered Duncan, and from about fifty-four to sixty when he began to whine about missing the comforts of old age. But can any audience understand that difference of years in seeing a three-hour's play; or does any actor ever pretend to impress it on the audience, and appear at twenty-eight in the first act, and as a sexagenarian in the fifth?"

"Remarkable instances of canine sagacity" are generally too much for us, but here is one related by a newspaper in the northern part of this State (which must, therefore, be true), and which has the appearance of probability. "The other day," so begins the newspaper, "a gentleman transacting business in this village left his horse attached to a chaise tied under a shed. Remaining with the horse was a coach-dog, who took advantage of his master's absence to enjoy a hasty nap in the vehicle. In the mean time, the horse somehow broke away from his fastening, and started off at a furious gallop. This awakened the dog, who, at once realizing the state of affairs, attempted to seize the reins with his teeth, but was unable to do so owing to their being covered by an overcoat. Fortunately, however, the reins fell from the carriage on to the ground, when the dog, with singular presence of mind, leaped nimbly after them, caught them in his mouth, reined the horse to a stand-still, and held the reins firmly until he delivered them, with a graceful wag of the tail, to a stranger, whom, under ordinary circumstances, he would not have allowed to approach his master's property."

The Brunetti method, by which Mazzini's body was recently embalmed, is said to be even more effective in the preservation of the dead than that of the ancient Egyptians. It consists of several distinct processes: 1. The circulatory system is cleared thoroughly by washing with cold water till it issues quite clear from the body. This may occupy from two to five hours. 2. Alcohol is injected, so as to abstract as much water as possible. This takes about a quarter of an hour. 3. Ether is then injected, to abstract the fatty matters. This occupies from two to ten hours. 4. A strong solution of tannin is then injected. This occupies, for thorough imbibition, from two to ten hours. 5. The body is then dried in a current of warm air passed over heated chloride of calcium. This may occupy two to five hours. The body is then perfectly preserved, and resists decay; and the Italians exhibit specimens which are as hard as stone, and retain perfectly every detail of form and feature.

It was often said, during the late war, that the German universities emptied themselves into the army, and thus gave its remarkably high average of intelligence. An interesting work just published in Leipzig gives a detailed account of the precise part taken by the members of these universities, of the services performed by those of the medical profession under the red cross, and biographical notices of the students and professors who fell in action. From it we learn that out of the 13,765 German students matriculated in the summer term of 1870, 4,510 (that is, a third) went through the campaign, about 3,500 of whom were in the ranks, and 1,000 attached to the ambulances.

Of these 248 were killed. Out of 1,505 university professors, fifteen were under arms (and four were killed), 253 devoted themselves to the care of the sick and wounded, and 120 worked for the national cause by speech and pen.

John Stuart Mill died at Avignon, France, where he had gone to visit the tomb of his wife, who died and was buried there ten years ago. Since that time, Mr. Mill has made yearly visits to her grave, upon which occasion he always decorated the grave with flowers. Mr. Mill's attachment to his wife was a singular phase in a nature reputed to be very cold and passionless. He dedicated his "Essay on Liberty" to her in the following language: "To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer and, in part, the author of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume." And yet, unhappily, Mr. Mill's beliefs gave him no hope of being united with her hereafter.

While China seems disposed to enter once more upon a crusade against the missionaries, it is encouraging to hear that the edicts against Christianity have been removed from the official notice-boards throughout Japan. A proclamation of the Imperial Government, dated the 23d of January, gives permission to all Buddhist priestesses and nuns to marry, and removes the prohibition to eat animal food; the priests of the religion were relieved several months ago from similar restrictions. Mr. Smiles's "Self Help," translated into Japanese, has been adopted as a government textbook; and, to complete the budget, kerosene oil is being sold in Yeddo, and smoking is forbidden in the public streets.

Mr. Krupp, the German manufacturer whose name is now almost as widely known as that of Count Moltke, supplements his own personal labors with those of learned men in every branch of his vast business. His overseers are practical mechanics, and graduates from the polytechnic schools of Germany. At his laboratory are several chemists, one of whom is one of the most celebrated analytical chemists in Europe. He also retains a doctor of laws, who is constantly engaged with the settlement of contracts and disputed questions of law; and there are several interpreters in different languages to converse with the many foreigners who call at his office.

An irreverent critic in the *London Daily News* says the closing passages in Mr. Cushing's book (wherein the author hopes that this and all else may tend to the glory of his country) remind him of the gentleman about whom Montaigne has an anecdote. This personage one day made, at a provincial assembly of some kind, an absurd and confused speech, at which the politeness of his hearers could scarcely keep them from laughing. Serenely unconscious of their amusement, he was heard to say, in a low tone of ardent piety, as he sat down, "*Non nobis, Domine—But to Thee be all the glory of this eloquence!*"

A Catholic paper published at Rome gives the total number of the members of the College of Cardinals as forty-five, but there are twenty-seven vacancies. Twenty-one of the cardinals are over seventy years old; the youngest being Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who is forty-five, and was made cardinal at the age of forty. Of the present cardinals, eight were appointed by Pope Gregory XVI., and thirty-seven by Pius IX. During the long pontificate of the latter, no fewer than ninety-seven cardinals have died, most of whom were appointed by himself.

Mr. Creswick has been doubling the parts of *Benedick* and *Dogberry* in one of the London theatres. How any man could play two parts so diametrically opposite in character we can't understand; and certainly, while Mr. Creswick would manage very well with *Dogberry*, he is about the last actor for *Benedick*. "His voice and action," says one of the critics, "are somewhat too heavy for the part, and he was inclined to over-elaborate walk, speech, and gesture." We should be sure of this without the London critic's assertion.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court, as reported in the *New-York Times*, settles an all-

important question. It declares that "railroads, though constructed by private corporations, and owned by them, are public highways," and that this has been the "doctrine of nearly all the courts ever since such conveniences for passage and transportation have had any existence." Further: "No matter who is the agent, the function performed is that of the State. Though the ownership is private, the use is public."

Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest and most effective sermons ever delivered. His text was, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward," and this was the sermon: "I shall consider this discourse under three heads: first, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world; and—

First, Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare.

Secondly, His progress through the world is trouble and care.

Lastly, His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

If we do well here we shall do well there. I can tell you no more if I preach for a year."

The Lincoln monument at Springfield, Illinois, is reported as already in a most deplorable condition, having been so flimsily constructed that it does not protect the remains it was intended to shelter even from the ravages of the weather. Visitors to the tomb "are surprised and shocked to see that the coffin is dripping with moisture, and covered with patches of wet plaster instead of wreaths of immortelles."

M. Candolle, a French author, is opposed to the study of Latin, because the English will yet be the universal language, and it is destined to be so because important words are put first in its sentences. He thinks that to read one of Horace's odes to an unlettered artisan, placing the words in the same relative positions that they occupy in the original, would suggest to him the idea of a dwelling-house with the entrance-door in the third story.

Mr. Babbage, the great mathematician, lately deceased, complained once that he had caught cold at dinner from mistaking a plate-glass window behind him for an open one, and then illustrated the power of imagination by adding that, on finding himself at a strange house without his night-cap, he had been perfectly able to replace it by tying a piece of string round his head.

Wade Hampton, who was one of the richest men in the South before the war, is now president of an insurance company in Baltimore, with a salary of three thousand dollars a year. He appeared before the cotton claims commission at Washington the other day, and vindicated himself of the charge often brought against him of having ordered the burning of Columbia, South Carolina.

An anecdote regarding the late M. Amédée Thierry is current in Paris. At a dinner given by the Minister of Public Instruction in the days of the empire, it devolved on M. Thierry to propose the health of the prince imperial, which he did in the following terms: "To the health of the prince imperial, who will one day be, like his father, a great prince, and a great historian!"

The Brooklyn Bridge, as the bridge across East River is called, will be 5,862 feet long, of which 3,456 feet will be suspended. This is seven times the total length of the Niagara Suspension Bridge, and the towers on each side will rise to the height of 268 feet above high-water mark—eighteen feet higher than the steeple of Trinity Church.

Madame Nilsson-Ronzau cancelled an engagement at one thousand dollars a night, in Brussels, recently, for the sake of keeping her promise with the deceased composer, Michael Balfe, to create the part of Edith Plantagenet, in his posthumous opera, "Il Talismano." She is now in Paris studying the music and preparing herself to undertake this new character.

Punch thinks that some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

"Still higher" is now the motto of all New-York architects. The building just begun in Broadway for the Western Union Telegraph Company is to be two hundred and twenty-six feet high, or one hundred feet higher than the Equitable Insurance building, which, until a rival structure added a couple of stories to its altitude, was the tallest building in New York.

The editor of the ultramontane journal, *Germania*, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for republishing an article from the *London Spectator*, criticising the clerical law which recently passed the Prussian Parliament.

A critic out West, noted for his emphatic way of putting things, speaks of an "Indiana poet who was recently sent to the penitentiary for three years for plagiarizing a horse."

M. Thiers is in better health at present than at any time during the winter, and still retains all his original vivacity. He is said to be the best talker in Paris.

Bismarck has just completed his fifty-eighth year, and shows the wear and anxiety to which he has been subjected since 1860.

The Hôtel-de-Ville is to be rebuilt after designs by MM. Ballu and Deperthes, at an estimated cost of 13,884,889 francs.

The *Athenaeum* thinks American humor "the most genuine in the world."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MAY 2.—Accident on the Grand Trunk Railway; thirty-two passengers injured. Baron Louis de Viel-Castel elected member of the French Academy.

Colonel W. A. Cameron, of the United States Army, commits suicide at New York.

MAY 3.—Railroad accident near Princeton, Ky.; thirty passengers injured.

Dispatch from Spain, that General Velarde fines Berge ten thousand dollars for allowing the Carlists, under Sabatote, to enter the town. Amnesty to Carlists who surrender within a week proclaimed. A number of Carlist prisoners in the Canary Islands killed and wounded by the authorities in subduing a mutiny among them. Dispatch that Russia demands of the Porte punishment of the culprit monks at Bethlehem.

MAY 4.—The two end-spans of an iron-bridge at Dixon, Ill., across Rock River, give way while crowded with people to witness a baptism; seventy-seven are reported drowned or crushed to death, and thirty injured.

New Orleans police take possession of St. Martinsville, La., by order of Governor Kellogg. The citizens arm and oppose them.

Dispatch that the Spanish peasants violently oppose the order to retreat to the cities with their provisions.

MAY 5.—Death, at St. Petersburg, of the Hon. James L. Orr, United States minister to Russia; at Paris, of Rigault de Genouilly, Admiral of France; at Charlottesville, Va., of W. H. McGuffey, professor in the University of Virginia.

A new bridge gives way on Lanur River, Mo., killing three workmen, and injuring eight.

Advices of a land-slide at Piscobamba, Peru, killing thirty-six persons.

Señor Martos is arrested at Vittoria by the Spanish Government. Intelligence that General Caballos de Rodas had been arrested while endeavoring to escape from Madrid. Victor Emmanuel refuses to accept the resignation of Minister Lanza and his colleagues, and they retain their offices, the Taranto bill being withdrawn.

Suicide, at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., of Lieutenant John L. Worden, of the United States Army.

MAY 6.—Death, at New York, of José Antonio Paez, twice President of Venezuela; and of John R. Broadhead, American antiquarian and historian; death, at Brooklyn, N. Y., of Captain George C. Stouffer, famous for having

rescued the passengers of the steamer San Francisco, in a violent storm in 1853; and at London, of Thomas Dundas, the Earl of Zetland.

A great musical festival opens at Cincinnati, O.

MAY 7.—Death, at New York, of Salmon P. Chase, Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Inauguration of Governor Ingersoll, of Connecticut.

Dispatch that the Duchess of Madrid had been denied a residence in Switzerland, and all Carlist agents ordered to leave. Carlists under Don Alfonso surrounded by the republicans near Igualada.

Conflict, at St. Martinsville, La., between the Kellogg police and citizens; three men wounded; New Orleans intensely excited; a

gun-shop sacked by the mob; Governor Kellogg fired at, but escapes injury.

MAY 8.—Death, at North Easton, Mass., of the Hon. Oakes Ames; and, at Philadelphia, of ex-Judge Edward King.

Death, at Avignon, France, of John Stuart Mill, in his sixty-seventh year.

Intelligence of the surrender of fourteen hundred Apaches at Camp Verde.

Dispatch of a railway accident near Pesth, Hungary; twenty killed and forty injured.

Dispatch that the Khan of Khiva had released Russian slaves, and demanded the withdrawal of the Russian expedition.

MAY 9.—Dispatch of the total rout of the Carlists under Dorregaray. Carlists defeated at Anes by General Villargos, and three of their leaders killed. Intelligence that Captain-

General Velarde had countermanded the order to the farmers to retreat to the cities, on their promise to rally against the Carlists.

Dispatch of a railway accident near Shrewsbury, England; four killed, many injured.

Intelligence that the dead bodies of eight persons had been found under a house in Labette County, Kansas, murdered by the Bender family, that had left the place two weeks before.

Carlists claim a victory instead of defeat, under General Dorregaray. A levy *en masse* is in preparation to crush out the insurrection. The Carlists under Campo and Gomez said to have been defeated.

Intelligence of the failure of the Polar expedition; death of Captain Hall, October, 1871; thirteen of the crew of the *Polaris* rescued by the *Tigress* after many months drifting on an iceberg, living on seal and white-bear meat.



THE TIRI BRIDGE, KHIVA.—See Page 606.

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